

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2814.—VOL. CII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1893.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS BY POST, 6¹/₂D.



"BECKET" AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

"Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry had the honour of being presented to their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the royal family in the drawing-room."—COURT CIRCULAR, March 19, 1893.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In Holland, I read, it is usual to notify to one's neighbours what is the matter at home by tying some coloured ribbon to the bell-handle. If the disease is infectious they use a white one, which is not the custom in this country, where a knocker in a white-kid glove betokens an occurrence of a wholly different nature. The system seems most convenient. In some parts of the United States, we are told, a scarlet flag means "fever" and a yellow flag "smallpox." Unless one has been recently vaccinated one probably does not call in the latter case, and in the former one abstains from making personal inquiries "on account of the risk to other people." There is generally a noble unselfishness about not calling upon persons who have got anything catching. Not always, however. I remember years ago a seventeen-year-old cousin from the country unexpectedly joining a family party in town at tea. He had brought his portmanteau, and, like one of Mr. Smiles's young men arrived in London to make his fortune, had evidently "come to stay." "Glad to see you, Jack," said the hostess, "but to what are we indebted for this condescension?" "Oh! such a lark: old Dobbin [his tutor] and half the pupils are down with the scarlet fever." There was a dreadful scrimmage; the elder children snatched up the younger and fled from the room; the hostess clasped the babe to her breast, and glared at the intruder as though he had come purposely to deprive her of her offspring. "Do you come here from a house full of scarlet fever?" she gasped. "Don't you be frightened about me," returned that awful boy, "I never catch anything." But he did, that time.

There ought to be a ribbon of some colour to tie these notes together, for they are written from a sick-bed. In the most recent sanitary system, a day in bed is enjoined once a month upon all persons who work their brains, and I try to think I am passing my time between the sheets as an amateur, merely to test this theory. If I were to say that I was as happy as the day is long, I should exaggerate my transports, for no one who is "out and about" can tell how long my day is. And yet how deplorably little one does in it! The absurd prominence given to one's meals, considering what they are, and how little one cares for them, is very humorous; the way in which those insignificant menus are praised (for my benefit) as regards their recuperative qualities is nothing less than fulsome: it is not bread, it seems (as is erroneously supposed), but bread-and-butter pudding that is the staff of life. As to medicines, there are those ordered by one's medical attendants and those suggested by one's friends. This day in bed (not to mention those, alas! to follow) would have had no need to be passed had we called them in earlier; a douche bath, or a vapour bath, or a mud bath, or a massage of all the limbs, or an electric belt round the waist, if only taken in time, would have prevented the whole mischief. These remedies, if all enumerated, would just occupy our three columns of "Notes," but I know the Editor will not have them. I do not dare to say of him what the advocates of these unfailing remedies say of me: "Dear James was always so obstinate."

Another thing one's friends suggest in addition to their medicine, or as a substitute for it, is their doctor. They have nothing to say against my doctor, who is, no doubt, a very respectable practitioner; but would it not be worth while to exchange him for Dr. Buffles, or Dr. Ruffles, or Dr. Snuffles, or, at least, to call in one of these gentlemen in consultation? Buffles is, they tell me, the first authority in the world upon "obscure diseases," though, however obscure I may be myself, I am not aware of possessing a malady previously unknown to the human race; Ruffles is unrivalled in brain troubles (though, "by Heaven!" as Henry Russell used to sing, "I am not mad"); and Snuffles—much recommended by my sporting friends—is, like the famous practitioner in the Far West, "death on fits." When I have fits I will send for him, but my present disorder is of a much less exciting kind.

Some people profess to write better in bed, as others do out of doors, which latter statement probably owes its origin to those professional liars, the poets; for even taking the seashore at its softest and sandiest, how it hurts your elbows, and how the sand gets up your arms and legs, and the wind takes your manuscript! While inland the "crumpled roseleaf" is represented by the thorn, the nettle, the flint, the earwig, and all the other fittings of the country inkstand. As to composition in bed, there is the Crumb, nothing can keep that out—nothing. There is no flock (nor any other kind of bed) however watched and tenled but the bread-crum is there; it has all the cunning of the mosquito, and, since it does its fiendish work in silence, is more difficult of discovery. Whether it has the power of reproduction is doubtful; physiologists differ; but it is certain that one crumb will for literary purposes render intolerable an acre of bed.

There are plenty of writers who have written from sick-beds not only "Notes" but much more ambitious works, and rather made a boast of it than otherwise. The great Sir Walter dictated a whole novel under such circumstances, complicated by "warm applications" to reduce

his cramps. Sometimes he allowed himself "a bellow"—a sort of letting off the steam in the intervals of composition—and then to it he went again. This seems a remarkable method of producing a work of the imagination. The author was used to dictation, and let us hope his amanuensis was also; but even so, that bellow—when, pen in hand, he expected a love passage—must have been terribly disconcerting.

The Millennium is, it seems, positively fixed for March 5, 1896. "If pure mathematics can demonstrate anything," says Mr. Baxter, the prophet, "it demonstrates that"; and "so say all of us," add the 350 laymen and the eight clergymen who form his following. Charles Dickens had a very large charity for enthusiastic persons of all kinds, always provided that they made no allusion to the number of the Beast; but neither with that animal, nor with any calculation founded on him, had he any patience. It has been trotted out so many times, and yet, after a thousand failures, is, from a literary point of view, as saleable as ever. No books, except cookery books, sell like prophecies. On the other hand, they do not seem to have the smallest effect upon material conduct. If the Farringdon Street fanatics had the courage of their opinions they would make arrangements for a three-years tenure of existence, and live—well, we will not say like fighting cocks, but on a very liberal system for that period. They might treat their capital, in fact, as three years' income. But "pure mathematics" do not demonstrate that; they will go on buying their wine in the wood and their coal by the ton right into March 1896, and when the 5th has passed, Prophet Baxter will appoint another date for the end of all things. The fact is that the belief in the Millennium, as in some other future events, is a pious opinion which, though it has many converts, has no backers, and reminds one of the degrees of comparison in a schoolboy's affirmation: "Will you take your oath?" "Yes." "Will you take your dying oath?" "Yes." "Will you bet sixpence?" "No."

A great chessplayer is a great being, something outside and superior to the ordinary run of mortals, and not to be confused with them. How so grave and wise a person should ever have got connected with a game at all is a marvel, and awakens the same sort of surprise with which we hear for the first time that the hippopotamus is a graminivorous animal. To behold chessplayers engaged in an international match is an unparalleled spectacle. So much solemnity, so much silence, so much concentrated sagacity seem to affect the very atmosphere; it is like visiting Madame Tussaud's. The stately figures move only in a professional manner; after long intervals they "reach forth an arm" like the mountain mist, and, amid intense excitement, push a pawn from one square to another. Nor is this what novelists call "the work of a moment," it is the work of an hour and a half. If anyone ventures to interrogate the chessplayer as to his motive for this action, he will smile, like the gods who sit above the clouds, and keep silence; his manner conveys the impression that if from good-nature he should be induced to communicate so supreme a secret it would cost the thoughtless recipient his life.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the attempt of a psychologist to get some eminent chessplayers to explain how they play the game blindfold has been rather a fiasco. They evidently resented his inquiry as a piece of impertinence and a profane meddling with a sacred subject. They would probably have given him no information at all but for a little disagreement on the matter among themselves, which caused them to contradict one another with some acerbity. "The temptation of opposing a false theory thus caused some inkling of their method to be obtained." One of them said that each chessboard was seen in the mind, like the reflection in a looking-glass; to which another promptly replied that this was only the case with novices. Upon the whole, they could not have been less explanatory had they been metaphysicians. They protest that in blindfold chess their attention is directed "not to the appearance of their pieces, but their properties; not to their shape, but to their movement; not to their colour, but to the idea that they are men under the command of opposing kings." This is not only difficult to comprehend, but quite contrary to the theory upon which all the systems of artificial memory are built, the very keystone of which is the substitution of the object for the subject, of something solid in exchange for the ideal. It is all very well to call this description of memory—the most amazing, as it strikes the beholder, in the world—a "visual geometrical" memory, but we don't seem "to get no forrader"; it does not, in the least, explain to us by what process a gentleman in one room contrives to play at chess with twelve other gentlemen in another.

In one's own small experience in such matters, such as the multiplication of three or four figures by three or four other figures, the process is certainly clear, if cumbrous, enough. The effort of memory is merely cumulative, and in the case of the great mathematical prodigies it seems to have had no other aid save that of pigeon-holing each result as it was arrived at. But even the mental evolution

of a cube root to twelve places of decimals sinks into insignificance compared with the twelve blindfold games of chess, because the figures in the latter case are not in our own control. That practice makes perfect in these feats is certain. It is only in very recent times that so many as twelve games of chess have been played without a board. In ages when individual intelligence was thought much more of than at present, and chess was its recognised channel, to play three antagonists, blindfold, was held to be little short of miraculous.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main we read that the magistracy have, at the request of the inhabitants, "omitted No. 13 in several streets, because people refused to rent apartments in houses having that number." Unless the streets are new ones this seems a difficulty that might almost puzzle our own County Council, since to pull No. 13 down would certainly not disprove it to be an unlucky number; on the other hand, if they only call it 12A ill luck must be very easily ousted. I lived in a No. 13 house myself at one time, which is, perhaps, the reason why I am now writing in bed; but Misfortune, if sure, in my case was very slow in her movements, for I left the place thirty years ago. It is sad to note that there are many more unlucky numbers and also days than lucky ones—

No day from sadness so exempt appears
As not to minister new cause of tears.

In a calendar of the time of Henry VI. there are no less than thirty-two absolutely "perilous days," wherein no man must take a journey, begin any work, nor, in fact, do anything but hope for the morrow. The author, however, appends, "in a firm hand," to this warning catalogue the words, "Sed tamen in Domino confido." The beginnings of the months are much more dangerous, it seems, than the ends of them, and it is a comfort to think that the ides of March (a very "malefec" month) are over. What is difficult to avoid at these unlucky dates are the gout and the sister gout." Perhaps this latter disorder was a delicate and graceful way of indicating the rheumatism. In the lottery days not only were certain numbers considered lucky, but even names, and an old woman in the country called Goodluck actually received £50 a year from a lottery office on condition of her joining it as a nominal partner! But the best plan was to dream a number, as indeed the authoress of "Our Village" had good cause to know, and then to buy it. If the dreamer couldn't get the exact figure, as, for instance, 1790, he bought, we are told, the nearest to it (such as 17,090) in sound. A good many folks in old times used to flatter themselves that this and that day were fortunate for them. One of the most touching episodes in history was the refusal of Cromwell's Ironsides to believe that their great captain could die on his lucky day—Sept. 3—the day of Dunbar and Worcester.

It seems clear from recent revelations that our countrymen will "swallow anything" from which they are promised advantage; but a French gentleman has gone "one better" than any of us, and swallowed his wife's watch. The circumstances were very touching, for she was taking leave of him in his lunatic asylum, and, being unwilling to part with her, he expressed a doubt as to whether the time of separation had arrived. To prove her statement, she pulled out her watch and in a moment he had torn it from its chain and swallowed it. His idea probably was to put a stop to Time altogether, and that if the watch would only abstain from striking or repeating, or even ticking in a demonstrative manner, no one would ever know what had become of it. He stoutly denied possession of the article, and it loyally declined to betray him. Upon the whole, this is as great a feat in its way as has been recorded. As for the stone-eaters, there was no attraction in their performances, though the brief biography we possess of the chief of them, Francis Battalia, is not without its interest. "He was born," we are told, "with two stones in one hand and one in the other, which the child took for its first nourishment, upon the physician's advice [think of it!], and afterwards nothing else but three or four pebbles in a spoon once in twenty-four hours." There are few heroic traits related of great swallowers, who only swallowed things, after all, to please themselves, but it is to the credit of Eurydamas, a Cyrenian, that at the Olympic games, when he had the whole of his teeth struck out, at whirl-bats, at one blow, he said nothing about it, but quietly swallowed them, "so that his adversary should receive no encouragement."

A bridegroom who has had his eye injured by rice-throwing on the occasion of his wedding has just found consolation from an accident insurance company. It would have been much more satisfactory if he had received compensation from the actual offenders. A more senseless custom than that of throwing rice into the faces of a newly married couple it is difficult to conceive. It is, no doubt, borrowed from the East, where, however, it is practised in a much more graceful fashion, flowers and rice being flung at the feet of the bridal pair to typify their future path through pleasure and prosperity. Our English Yahoos who insist upon indulging in this pleasantry should at least, like the pilgrim in the ballad, boil their rice, since though Love is blind, it is undesirable that the lover should be made so.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I don't think the most excited publican would accuse the Chancellor of the Exchequer of enthusiasm for the Local Veto Bill. Since that unfortunate measure was introduced the evidence of its unpopularity has accumulated daily. But it is Sir William Harcourt's cue to imitate the Spartan boy. With apprehension gnawing his vitals, Sir William treats his Bill as if it had been embraced with enthusiasm by the whole community. In the debate on the Welsh Veto Bill he had another opportunity of expressing his undying belief in the principle of local option, and as I watched his expansive features unwrung by any inward spasm I thought the Spartan boy who nobly allowed the fox to devour his inside while he maintained an unruffled exterior was, to use the popular phrase, "not in it." The proposal to confiscate public-house property by the vote of a local majority who want to put down the liquor traffic has excited a storm for which the Government may or may not have been prepared. At all events, the Chancellor of the Exchequer heartily supported the principle of the Welsh Local Veto Bill, which was read a second time by a majority of thirty-five. Then we passed to the Navy Estimates and Mr. Gibson Bowles. Mr. Bowles is a new member, who relies on his turn for anecdote. He has yachted a great deal, and this gives him an assured superiority over mere officials. Somebody at Woolwich has issued a text-book on international law, and Mr. Bowles, with his yachting experience, had no difficulty in showing that the author was totally ignorant of the subject. What distresses Mr. Bowles most is the insufficient provision for the education of sailors. "You must not imagine that sailors now are what they used to be," he remarked across the House to the Secretary of the Admiralty. "There was a time when a sailor asked his superior officer for leave to go ashore. 'You may go,' said the officer, 'if you promise me not to get drunk.' 'But if I am not to get drunk,' said the sailor, 'what's the use of going ashore?'" An audience of about fifteen members smiled faintly at this legend, and Mr. Bowles continued to pour out more wisdom from his yachting stories. Nowadays, a sailor does not go ashore to get drunk; he goes to improve his mind, "for when I was at Alexandria," added Mr. Bowles, "the sailors from the squadron went ashore in classes to learn French."

All this occupied nearly an hour, and on a later evening the indefatigable yachtsman favoured the House at the same length with his views about the Behring Straits arbitration. "Why should a great nation ever submit to arbitration at all?" was his patriotic plaint to about ten listeners. Mr. Gibson Bowles represents King's Lynn. It is not a large borough but I dare say he commands a bigger audience at King's Lynn than he does at Westminster, and it seems advisable that he should reserve his humour and omniscience for his constituents. The hand of fate fell heavily on Mr. R. G. Webster, who, proceeding to discourse on the illiterate votes in Supply, was reminded that, having introduced a Bill on the subject, he was out of order. The forms of the House are sometimes like the spear of the mythical lady in classical allegory, but as a rule they lend themselves to every indulgence of rhetorical tedium. Some freshness was imparted to Supply by the debate on the salaries of the law officers. Economists had fondly supposed that the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General would abandon private practice and content themselves with purely official emoluments, but now it seems that Sir Charles Russell and his colleague are to retain the most lucrative portion of the private practice and pay their clerks out of the public purse. The arrangement seemed a little confusing to the lay mind, but as Mr. Balfour declined to regard it as binding on future Ministries, I suppose Sir Charles Russell's successor will not be eager to mortify his bank-book. Then came Mr. Labouchere with the inevitable motion about Uganda. The member for Northampton had nothing new to say, and his gibes at Lord Rosebery lacked finish. Mr. Gladstone talks about Uganda in that pathetic undertone in which the Prime Minister discusses a troublesome topic. And Uganda is very troublesome indeed, for it is evident that the Cabinet are not agreed on the policy to be pursued. Lord Rosebery makes speeches in which he declares that it is our business to "peg out" claims in unoccupied regions for the benefit of our posterity, and Mr. Gladstone, who detests both the rhetoric and the sentiment, has to explain to Mr. Labouchere in a genial way that "pegging out" in Africa does not mean the annexation of Uganda and the construction of a railway at a cost of three millions.

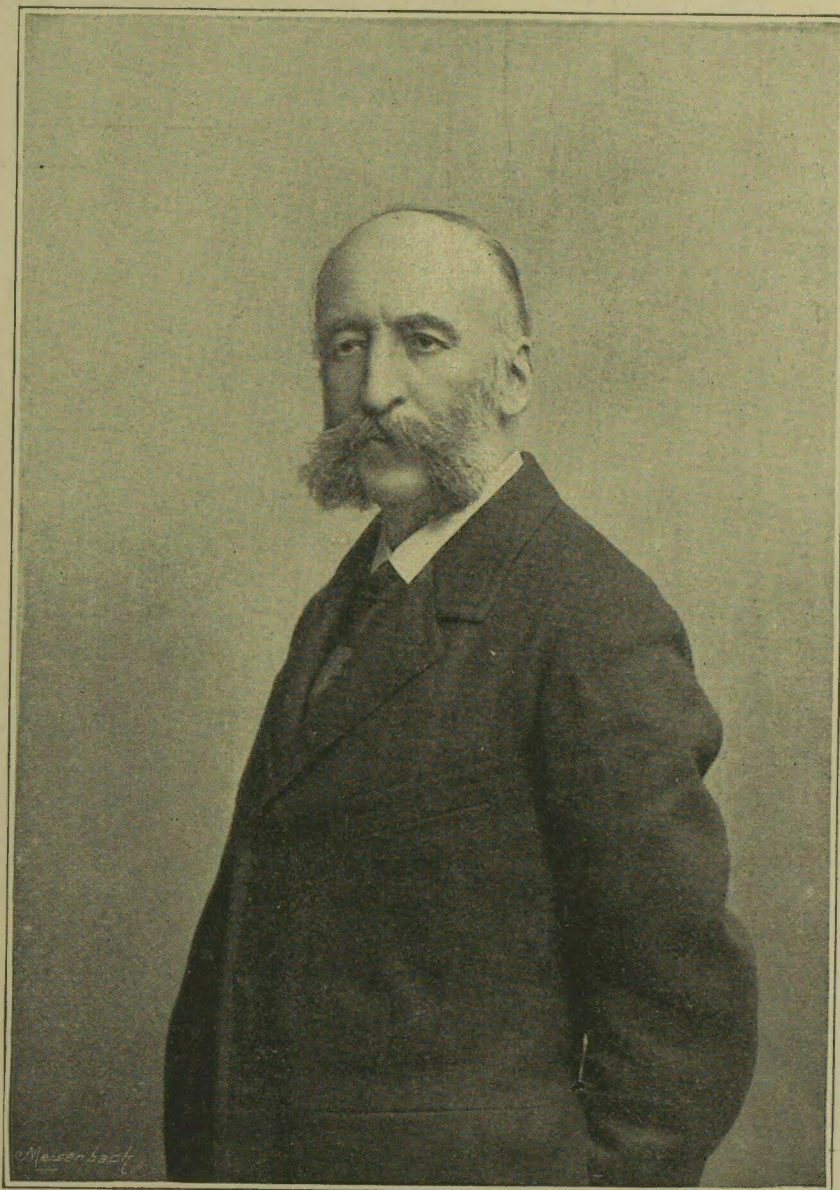
But the cloud which seems settled on the Treasury bench is lifted by Mr. Fowler's speech in introducing the Parish Councils Bill. The speech is a great success, and the Bill, one of the most drastic measures of reform ever framed in this country, is welcomed on both sides with effusion. This is the best day for the Government since the end of the debate on the Address. They have got their Supply, and they have put in a very big Radical measure which will send the agricultural Liberals to their constituents exultant during the Easter recess. Even the pallid face of Mr. Goschen is wreathed with congratulatory smiles. He recalls the aspersion that

he used to be wanting in sympathy with the agricultural labourers. Had Mr. Fowler's Bill for giving rural parishes the management of their own affairs and completing the machinery of county government come before the extension of the household suffrage to the counties, what a much better education Hodge would have had! I don't think anybody appreciates this *apologia pro sua vita* of Mr. Goschen's, but it does not matter. Everyone is so happy that Mr. Long says: "Why not drop Home Rule, and let us all be harmonious?" Whereat a slightly weary smile from the Treasury bench.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE JULES FERRY

The late President of the French Senate, elected to that dignified office not many days before his sudden death, in the sixty-first year of his age, had been Prime Minister ten years ago, Minister of Public Instruction, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, on several occasions since the establishment of the Republic. M. Jules Ferry, born at Saint Dié, in the Vosges, on April 2, 1832, studied law and was admitted to the Bar at Paris in 1854, became a political journalist of the Opposition under the Empire of Napoleon III. In 1869 he was elected to a seat in the Corps Législatif, undertook a



THE LATE M. JULES FERRY.

Photo by Benque, Paris.

Parliamentary inquiry concerning the financial management of the Paris municipality, opposed the Ministry of M. Emile Ollivier and the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, and was one of the foremost leaders of the Revolution after the Emperor's defeat at Sedan, taking the post of Secretary to the Government of National Defence and the charge of the Department of the Seine. He was subsequently appointed Mayor of Paris, acted with great energy and fearless courage in suppressing the Anarchists and Communists, aided in military preparations for the defence of the capital, and finally assisted in the permanent settlement of the Republican Constitution. In May 1871 he was nominated by the Government of M. Thiers for the office of Prefect of the Seine, but this appointment was, for political reasons, not confirmed; M. Ferry passed into the diplomatic service, and was sent as French Minister to Athens. On his return, after a twelvemonth, he became President of the Council-General of the Vosges Department, but was again elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and acted for some time with M. Gambetta, whose death, when it came, seemed to leave M. Ferry the acknowledged leader of the strictly political Republican party. He soon gained Parliamentary influence, and was repeatedly in office; the most notable acts of his Ministry were the establishment of French control over Tunis, after the Berlin Congress of 1878; the application of stringent laws to deprive the Jesuits and the monastic confraternities of their share in popular education; and the expedition for the conquest of Tonquin. From 1881 to 1884, M. Ferry had to endure very bitter political hostility. In 1890 he became a member of the Senate.

"BECKET" AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The performance of Lord Tennyson's historical play, "Becket," on Saturday, March 18, before the Queen and royal family and her Majesty's guests at Windsor Castle, had required special preparations on a considerable scale. The arrangements at the Castle, under the direction of Mr. Collmann, the Queen's inspector, were satisfactorily carried out by the Lord Chamberlain's department. A dais covered with crimson drapery and furnished with seats for about one hundred occupied the east end of the Waterloo Chamber. The front of the stand was protected by a brass railing sheathed with velvet, and clusters of palms, arums, and hyacinths were arranged opposite the places reserved for the royal family. An elegantly carved gilt state chair, upholstered in crimson and gold satin, and a Florentine table were placed a short distance from the edge of the dais for the use of the Queen, on each side of which chairs were provided for the other members of the royal family, the remainder of the auditorium being filled with seats for the ladies and gentlemen in attendance and the invited guests. The orchestra was screened by groups of palms, foliage plants, and flowers from the Queen's conservatories. The stage proscenium was draped with handsome curtains, and adorned with the royal arms. The scenery, which came from the Lyceum Theatre, was specially painted for this occasion by Messrs. Telbin, J. Harker, and Hawes Craven.

The actors, actresses, and orchestra, about one hundred and sixty in number, were conveyed from London by special Great Western train, and, on reaching Windsor at noon, went to the Castle in the vehicles placed at their disposal.

Shortly after nine o'clock the Queen and the Empress Frederick, accompanied by the royal family, entered the Waterloo Chamber, the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household in waiting being there in attendance. "God Save the Queen" was played as her Majesty entered.

On the right and left of the Queen were the Empress Frederick and the Prince of Wales. The other royal personages who had places in the front row were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Christian.

Immediately behind the royal party were the members of the household. Behind these, on a raised platform draped with crimson which reached in six tiers to the gallery, were those who had the honour of receiving invitations from her Majesty.

The overture, by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, having been played, the curtain drew up for the prologue scene, a castle in Normandy. It is needless, after the performances at the Lyceum Theatre, to describe the course of the play or the succeeding scenes, at Becket's house in London, in the street at Northampton, the hall in Northampton Castle, Rosamund's Bower at Woodstock, the meeting of the two kings at Montmirail, the forest near Woodstock, the Monastery, and the tragic scene in Canterbury Cathedral. The actors and actresses, with their parts, may be once more enumerated. Mr. Henry Irving was Becket, Miss Geneviève Ward was Queen Eleanor, Mr. W. Terriss was King Henry II., and Miss Ellen Terry was Fair Rosamund. The others were Mr. Bond, as King Louis of France; Mr. Lacy, as Gilbert Foliot; Mr. Beaumont, Roger of York; Mr. Cushing, the Bishop of Hereford; Mr. Archer, the Bishop of Chichester; Mr. Bishop, John of Salisbury; Mr. Haviland, Herbert of Bosham; Mr. Ian Robertson, John of Oxford; Mr. W. J. Holloway, Edward Grim; Mr. F. Cooper, Fitzurse;

Mr. Tyars, De Brito; Mr. Hague, De Tracy; Mr. Percival, De Morville; Mr. Tabb, De Broc; Mr. Seldon, Richard de Hastings; Mr. Gordon Craig, the Knight Templar; Mr. Harvey, Lord Leicester; Mr. Howe, Philip de Eleemosyna; Miss Kate Phillips, Margery.

The Queen and royal family repeatedly applauded the actors and actresses during the progress of the play, which lasted until nearly midnight. The final scene, "Canterbury Cathedral," was greatly admired by the illustrious audience, and her Majesty ordered the curtain after it had descended to be drawn up again.

After the performance the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the royal family proceeded to the drawing-room. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry had the honour of being presented to the Queen and Empress Frederick and the royal family in the drawing-room. Mr. W. Terriss and Miss Geneviève Ward had also the honour of being presented to their Majesties.

This representation of "Becket" at Windsor Castle being an exact reproduction, on a miniature stage, of the play at the Lyceum, we have refrained from comment. The programme was on straw-coloured paper, and printed in black. It was folded in the middle, and had gold corner-pieces, while the royal monogram figured on back and front. It was headed "Windsor Castle," and stated that the performance, "by command of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," was by "her Majesty's servants at the Lyceum Theatre." At the bottom of the list of scenes Mr. Irving was described as "Director," Mr. Loveday as "Assistant Director," and Mr. Ball as "Musical Director."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.

The Queen's visit to Italy, after five years, will again be spent at the Villa Palmieri, where her Majesty sojourned in 1888, on the pleasant hill rising towards Fiesole, north of the Arno, overlooking one of the fairest and most famous of Italian cities. Florence, perhaps, owes something to her attractive name, but more to the literary, artistic, and historical associations which abide with her, and to the fond praises which she has received from several English poets, by whom she has been favoured not less than Venice. In reality, this city has the merit of having given birth, in the most renowned period of Italian prosperity and intellectual activity, to more of the noted men of genius, poets, sculptors, architects, painters, and scholars, than any other town in Italy. There are Dante, Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Michel Angelo, and the long succession of Tuscan artists whose works, at any rate in sculpture, contribute much to the national glory, if the Florentine painters yield to those of the Umbrian and of the Venetian school. Not less interesting is the political and social history of the lively old Republic, founded by a community of traders and manufacturers, which exhibited the vigour of the democratic spirit, until Medicean craft effected its subjugation.

The outward and visible aspects of Florence are familiar to many English tourists. Some have found the narrow streets and the Piazzes rather *triste* and *sombre*; the Arno, a poor, feeble, insignificant river; the Ponte Vecchio, only quaint and odd; but none can fail to admire the Duomo and the beautiful Campanile, which latter edifice is surely one of the most elegant, graceful architectural structures in Europe. The Palazzo Vecchio, built nearly six centuries ago for the Gonfaloniere and Priori of the City Commonwealth, has in our time, from 1865 to 1870, when Florence was the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, served for the sessions of its Chamber of Deputies and its Senate. It is an imposing monument of ancient Republican freedom, with its characteristic lofty tower at one corner of the stern-looking pile. Below this are the Loggia dei Lanzi, with its admired statues, and the entrance to the Uffizij. Florence contains also the stately palaces of several wealthy families, and of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, galleries of art which afford delightful study for many days, and churches

Brunelleschi, whose great work is the cupola, of 138 ft. 6 in. diameter, and 133 ft. 3 in. high from the cornice of the octagonal structure upon which it is raised. The dome of St. Peter's, though lifted much higher above the ground, is of lesser proportions. The dimensions of the cathedral at Florence are 500 ft. length, 128 ft. width of nave and aisles together, 153 ft. height of nave, and nearly 306 ft. length of united transepts; the exterior height, to the summit of the cross above the cupola, is 387 ft. from the ground. The original façade, built by Giotto in the fourteenth century, has been superseded by one of comparatively recent design. Two noble subsidiary edifices, detached from the cathedral—namely, the Baptistry and the Campanile or Bell-tower, must attract not less attention when it is approached on that side. The Baptistry is an octagonal structure, covered with black and white marble, anciently the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, on the site of a Roman temple



THE CATHEDRAL.

supported by Corinthian pillars of grey granite, and a cupola enriched with mosaic. The Campanile, designed by Giotto, is a square tower, 276 ft. high, of four storeys, ornamented in the lower part with two ranges of sculptured tablets, mostly of Bible history, and with sixteen large statues of prophets, evangelists, saints, and sibyls. It is a most beautiful example of Italian Gothic



VIEW LOOKING OVER THE ARNO.

adorned with noble works of sculpture. But she wears the garb of the Renaissance, with few mediæval relics; and the reputed "House of Dante" is extremely dubious.

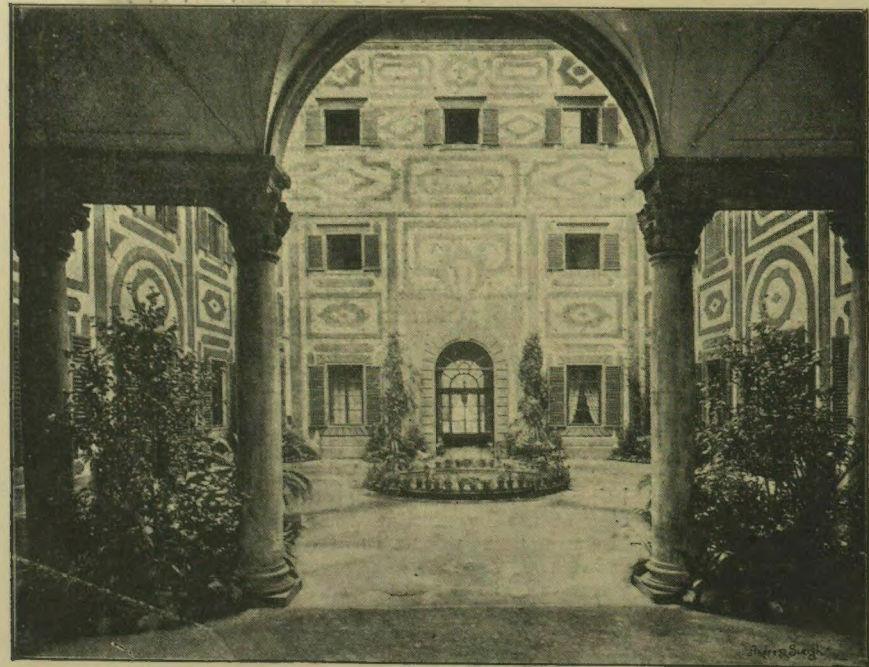
The Duomo or Cathedral Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, regarding the edifice as a whole, is of finer design, though of less sumptuous construction, than St. Peter's at Rome. This building was commenced in the year 1298 by Arnolfo di Cambio, and was finished before 1446 by

of Mars. Its chief external ornament consists of the three bronze doors, by Andrea Pisano and Ghiberti, filled with sculptures in relief, groups of figures and scenes of sacred story, framed in separate compartments, representing the actions of patriarchs, saints, and prophets of Israel, the incidents of Christ's life and ministry, and some allegorical subjects. The interior of the Baptistry displays a range of arches

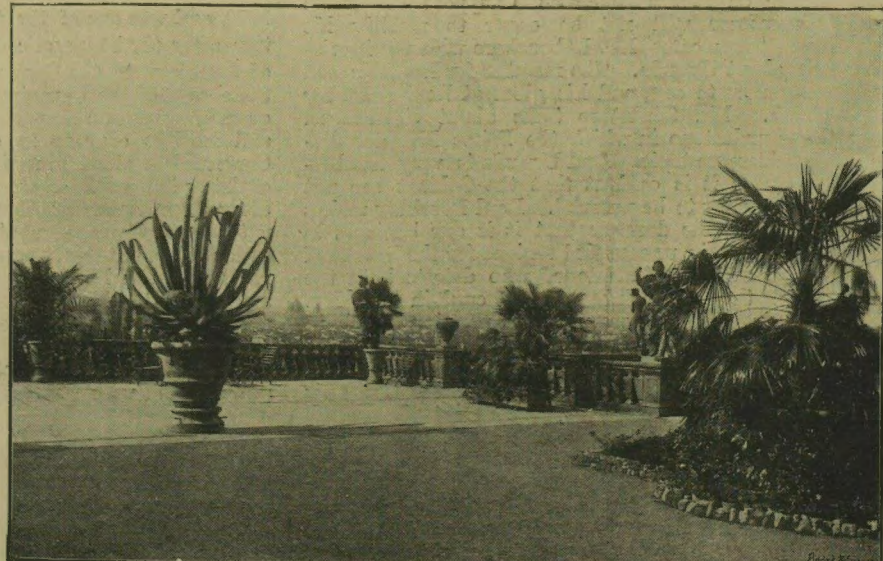


VIEW FROM SANTO SPIRITO.

architecture. Next in interest to these buildings stands the Church of Santa Croce, with its restorations and new front, but with the tombs of Michel Angelo, Galileo, Macchiavelli, and other renowned Florentines, mentioned in Byron's "Childe Harold." San Lorenzo contains the famous statues of Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, guarding the tomb of a Medicean prince.



ENTRANCE COURT OF THE VILLA PALMIERI.

TERRACE OF THE VILLA PALMIERI.
AFFORDING A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE CITY.



"THE FINISHING TOUCH."—BY F. DVORAK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

PERSONAL.

Sir William Wedderburn has been elected for Banffshire by a majority of 771 over Mr. J. A. Grant, the figures showing a slight falling off from the majority which secured Mr. R. W. Duff's seat at the General Election. Sir William is a man of considerable personal and political distinction. His chief work has been done in India, his career in the Civil Service dating from 1859. He was Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay for many years, and since his return to England has interested himself a good deal in English political and social questions. He is an advocate of the extension of self-government in India, and has lent considerable support to the native Congress. In home politics he is a rather advanced Radical, and speaks well and impressively. A tall, gaunt Scot in appearance, he is a man of genial temper and agreeable character.



SIR WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, BART., M.P.

The International Court of Arbitration now opening its doors in Paris has brought to Europe two men who have played a much larger part than is generally imagined in some of the most troublesome of England's foreign disputes during the past four or five years. These two men are Sir John Thompson and the Hon. C. H. Tupper, and no student of recent Blue-books on Anglo-American affairs can fail to recall with what persistency they have kept the British Foreign Office supplied with the material for its choicest diplomatic fabrics. Both men are lawyers by training, though politics have for some years drawn them away from the courts, and both learnt their first lessons in diplomacy from that master of the art, Sir John Macdonald. Sir John Thompson has put his opportunities to such use that after only eight years in Federal politics, and while still two years on the sunny side of fifty, he finds himself Premier of the Dominion, without a rival in his own party and almost without a match among his opponents. The man on his own side most nearly his equal in force of political character and abundant courage is probably "young Mr. Tupper," who, though not yet thirty-eight years of age, has already left his mark upon the course of Anglo-American policy.

The Royal Society of British Artists held its private view on Saturday, March 18, and in the afternoon a considerable number of members, headed by the President (Mr. Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A.), and their friends put in their appearance. The outside public, generally represented on these occasions, was not greatly in evidence, and the company could not certainly be described as smart. Among those present were Mr. Goschen, who brought a daughter, Mr. Henry Matthews, Mr. P. McLagan, M.P., and Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P.

The list of distinguished invalids is fortunately shorter, owing to the convalescence of not a few, including Sir R. Webster, who returned to his Parliamentary duties and afterwards set out for Paris on the business of the Behring Sea Commission. He and Sir Charles Russell, together with Lord Hannon, visited the court where the Panama charges were being investigated. Lord Salisbury, we are glad to hear, is very much better, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour have quite recovered from their indisposition. Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, have been able to take outdoor exercise, and are satisfactorily improving in health.

The appointment of Lord Gormanston to the Governorship of the island colony of Tasmania—not the least attractive residence in the Australasian region, though other posts be more splendid—may be noted with satisfaction. His Lordship, a peer of the United Kingdom as well as an Irish peer, is the fourteenth Viscount of the Preston family, settled in the county of Meath since the reign of King Edward IV., and holding high office in Ireland before ever that country was styled a "kingdom." They were deprived of their titles for adhering to James II. after the Revolution of 1688, but in 1800 these were restored to the grandfather of the present Viscount. As Governor of British Guiana, Demerara, and previously of the Leeward Islands, Lord Gormanston has colonial experience; he is about fifty-six years of age, was once an officer of the 60th Rifles, and has been twice married.

LORD GORMANSTON,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TASMANIA.

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This Session has not as yet (writes a correspondent) made or marred many Parliamentary reputations. Sir William Harcourt has not quite maintained his character for brilliant speeches, but has developed not a little shrewdness in leadership. Lord Randolph Churchill's return to public life is welcome, but as yet he has not approached his old form. Mr. Sexton is, apparently, reserving his oratory for the Home Rule debates. Mr. Labouchere has sparkled very little, and his seriousness has been rather oppressive. A few of the younger men have advanced, in the opinion of critics. For instance, Mr. George Wyndham has restrained his taste for cheap cynicism and contributed some excellent speeches to debates. Perhaps the most promising of the new members is Mr. Herbert Paul, who has made quite a "corner" in epigrams. His definition of Uganda as the Clapham Junction of Africa was hailed with much laughter. Mr. E. J. C. Morton has made one good speech, and Mr. Godfrey Benson (one of the handsomest young men in the House) has also delivered a spirited maiden speech. Sir George Chesney considerably impressed his audience with his remarks on the position of the British Army, a subject which the author of "The Battle of Dorking" is well qualified to discuss. Mr. Samuel Storey, among the older men, has notably improved in the manner and matter of his utterances.

The illustrious German scientific professor, Rudolf Virchow, of Berlin, long since an honorary foreign member of the Royal Society, who delivered the Croonian Lecture on March 16 in the hall of the London University, has the highest claim to be heard with attention upon the topic of his discourse, "The Position of Pathology among Biological Studies."

Nobody knows what life is, or how life originally came into being; the mode in which life maintains the animal body, the functions of its organism from the embryo to the adult, and from primitive cellular tissues preceding the organism, seem capable of being discovered. Professor Virchow, by his researches, has, according to Sir James Paget and Sir Andrew Clark, taught medical men a good deal of pathology; and so much the better for their patients. A banquet in his honour was given at the Hôtel Métropole, and he has been received at the University of Cambridge with all due compliments. Virchow, who is nearly seventy-two years old, has achieved much distinction in Prussian and German politics as an active member of the Liberal party, and was once, in 1865, challenged by Prince Bismarck to fight a duel. It would have been an immense loss to Germany and to Europe if either of these men had killed the other.

The Turf is the poorer by the death of Mr. George Alexander Baird, better known to the racing world as Mr. "Abington."

This young man (he was little over thirty when he died) inherited about three millions sterling from his father, one of the Bairds who are famous as iron-founders in the annals of Glasgow. When he received his money, Mr. "Abington" set about buying horses, to such good purpose that in 1884 he won the Derby with Merry Hampton. He was fond of riding, and figured on many occasions as a gentleman-jockey. He was fond of pugilism, and generally had some prize-fighter at his beck and call. An expedition to New Orleans to witness a "glove" fight in which he had backed one of the combatants to the tune of ten thousand pounds proved fatal, for Mr. "Abington" died of pneumonia after a few days' illness. One of the stories about him is that he was much interested in the fate of the Marquis of Hastings, who died at an early age after a somewhat similar career. Mr. "Abington" Baird had this advantage, that he did not ruin himself financially, for despite his extravagance he had a shrewd knowledge of horses, and he is reported to have left a large portion of his enormous fortune.



PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.



THE LATE MR. G. A. BAIRD.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for the portrait of Viscount Gormanston; to Mr. H. R. Sherbohn, of Newmarket, for that of the late Mr. Baird; to Mr. John Ferguson, of Largs, N.B., for that of Sir W. Wedderburn, Bart.; and to Mr. C. Günther, of Berlin, for that of Professor Virchow.

JULES FERRY: A REMINISCENCE.

The death of M. Jules Ferry has come with bewildering suddenness on both his friends and foes. Scarce a week ago two of the most respected leaders of opposite camps, but both known to be in opposition to the man who had earned for himself the sinister name of "Le Tonquinois," declared separately that, did they see any fear of his succeeding Carnot at the Elysée, they would personally descend into the streets—to a respectable Frenchman the most extreme step which can be taken—and try and stir up the populace against him by recalling to all those who were willing to listen the harm they considered he had done to his country.

Certainly, few men of modern times have been so execrated as the late President of the Senate, and, as one of his most relentless enemies remarked last week, "Cet homme a dû avoir une fièvre audace et même un fier courage d'être revêtu." He had during all his public life a positive genius for doing the unpopular thing. In 1870-71, as Mayor of Paris, he earned for himself, without apparently really deserving it—for he was blamed for the lack of food directly caused by the siege—the title of "Ferry Famine." The Franco-German War was scarce over when he was unfortunate enough to obtain the commendation of Bismarck, who was said to have remarked that Ferry was the only Frenchman gifted with sufficient sense to understand the value of keeping on cordial terms with Germany. Again, a few years later, when all this had been forgiven and forgotten, his first act when made Minister of Public Instruction by President Grévy was to lead a furious onslaught on not only the Jesuits, but on all the great religious Teaching Orders, which had become, and still are, an integral part of the nation, if only by the fact that scarce a French family but has one or more of its most loved members in "une congrégation." It is said—but it would be impossible to say with what truth, for M. Ferry seldom made confidences, even to those who saw him most frequently and intimately—that the author of "Article 7" afterwards regretted having so entirely identified himself with anti-clericalism, inasmuch as it had made his after colonial policy far more difficult to carry out in a satisfactory manner; and in the storm which arose over the question of the Teaching Orders he got no credit for his admirable Primary School Law, which will probably benefit generations of his countrymen and women after his name has been forgotten.

Jules Ferry, the man, as apart from the politician, had a lovable personality; both his family and immediate circle, down to the *concierge* of his pretty house in Cours la Reine were devoted to him; the staff of *L'Estafette*, the paper of which he was practically proprietor-editor, were proud of their chief and their journal, and possessed, what is seldom met with in a Continental newspaper office, a great *esprit de corps*. Notwithstanding his violent anti-clericalism, M. Ferry delighted in religious music, and, strange as it would seem, had actually chosen to make his home between a convent on one side and a monastery on the other, for it is in Cours la Reine that the Bollandist fathers print the Catholic paper *La Croix*, and continue the vast never-ending work dealing with the lives of the saints, from which they have taken the name by which they are familiarly known.

The Ferry "hotel" was divided into three flats, as is the custom abroad, the first and second storey being occupied by M. Charles Ferry and M. Kraft, and the top floor by the Jules Ferrys, who had there arranged one of the most charming and artistic "interiors" in Paris, for both husband and wife were painters of no mean talent.

Madame Jules Ferry possessed to those who had known the ex-Prime Minister and his wife in their official capacity a far more striking and individual personality than her husband. *Née* Risler, she was descended from the Charlotte whom Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" has made immortal, and she was also the niece of M. Floquet, with whose family Ferry always remained on most cordial terms, although as politicians the two men occasionally agreed to differ. Having no children, M. and Madame Ferry had adopted a nephew, a promising and clever boy, whose young friends were always made welcome in Cours la Reine, for one of the most agreeable traits in the great politician's character was his affection for and intimate knowledge of children. A large studio, hung with some fine pictures belonging to the old French and Italian schools, replaced the usual Parisian *salon*; M. Ferry's study served also as a library to the whole family; it was here, seated before an immense oak writing-table, that he was generally to be found, and few celebrities were so accessible. The one-time barrister was betrayed in the books he kept close to his hand, and he possessed the complete collection of the verbatim notes taken of the sittings of the French Parliament since the year 1879. Cicero's Orations, Voltaire, Rousseau, Bossuet, Comte, Machiavelli, and the works of his old friend Jules Simon were among his favourite and constant companions. He was fond of alluding, when in a genial mood, to his own "*petits succès littéraires*," though he would have been too modest to thus qualify them. Probably the first and last pun Ferry ever made in his life was when he hit upon the clever "*Comptes Fantastiques d'Hausmann*" as title for the pamphlet which he wrote against the Imperialist builder of modern Paris.

M. Ferry's life and personal habits had undergone a great change during the last eight years—in fact, since Aubertin's ball had flattened itself against his side. He was absolutely forbidden by his medical advisers the long walks in which he had once delighted, and, above all, his beloved shooting expeditions were put to an end, to his great annoyance; indeed, he often said that this forced abstinence from *la chasse* caused him more chagrin than anything which had ever happened to him. Still, notwithstanding the care he was enjoined to take of himself, he generally insisted on walking the two miles which lie between the Luxembourg and his house; but few of the Parisians to whom he had become such a veritable bogie would have recognised in the slightly bowed, grey-haired individual, walking swiftly along the quays, the man who had twice been obliged to run for his life before the tempest of their fury, and whose attempted entrance into the Elysée might easily have again made the streets of Paris run blood and plunged France into civil war.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, on Monday afternoon, March 20, left Windsor Castle for Portsmouth, and there embarked on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert for Cherbourg, on her way to Italy, by the Aix-les-Bains and Mont Cenis route to Turin and Florence.

The Empress Frederick of Germany took leave of the Queen, her mother, shortly before her departure from Windsor Castle, and came to London for a few days, staying at Buckingham Palace.

The Prince of Wales was at Windsor Castle with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice on Sunday, returning to London next morning, when Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with the Marquis of Lorne and other visitors, also left Windsor.

The Prince of Wales, on Tuesday, March 21, dined with the Incorporated Law Society in Chancery Lane.

The Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, in the royal yacht Osborne on the Mediterranean, visited the isle of Elba on Saturday, March 18, and took luncheon with the Mayor at the Villa San Martino, where Napoleon Bonaparte lived during his exile in 1814. Their Royal Highnesses had, two or three days before, when the yacht was at Leghorn, gone to Florence and inspected the Villa Palmieri, where Lady Crawford received them and showed the arrangements made for the accommodation of the Queen. The Duke of Aosta and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz met them at Florence. On Sunday the Princess of Wales, with her son and two daughters, crossing from Elba to the coast of Tuscany, landed at Piombino, and travelled in the night by railway to Rome, where next day they exchanged visits with the King and Queen of Italy. After seeing the Forum and the Colosseum and the Vatican galleries, attended by Lord Vivian, the British Ambassador, their Royal Highnesses, on the Tuesday, went on to Naples, where they would re-embark on the yacht Osborne.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her daughter, Princess Victoria, have left St. Petersburg for Germany, and have arrived at Coburg.

The Prince of Wales, on March 15, was in the chair at the annual dinner at the Hôtel Métropole in aid of the Royal Blind Pension Society, of which the Duke of Grafton is president. His Royal Highness spoke of the deprivation of sight as such a terrible ordeal that he would sooner lose his arms or his legs; and, though many schools and workshops had been established for the education and employment of the blind to enable them to earn a decent livelihood, many persons, especially those to whom blindness came in their mature years, needed a small regular pension. Of those now seeking aid from this society barely nine per cent. were born blind. The society now paid to 650 pensioners an amount of £4400 in the aggregate yearly. The Prince described its management as highly judicious and economical, recommending it to public support. The committee propose next May to elect sixty pensioners, instead of twenty-five, which will make an additional responsibility to be discharged.

On Saturday, March 18, the Prince of Wales took the chair at the annual meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, at St. Martin's Townhall, supported by the President of the Board of Trade, the Postmaster-General, and the Lord Mayor of London. His Royal Highness, who last August, with the German Emperor, inspected the first steam life-boat, now at Holyhead, showed a full acquaintance with the extended operations of this excellent institution. It has now 304 life-boats, and has been very active during the past year, establishing thirty-seven new stations, while 6672 lives have been saved, for which rewards have been granted. Government has done something, under a recently amended Act of Parliament, to remove dangerous wrecks—not, let us hope, by shaking the shore at Sandgate—and telegraph lines along the coast are being rapidly constructed. Mr. Mundella said he should oppose a proposal for a Government life-boat service, as it could never do the work so well as this institution. Its expenditure for the year was £80,416, which exceeded the income by £20,880. Subscriptions and donations will be very wisely bestowed.

The result of the University Boat-Race, which started at 4.34 p.m. on Wednesday, March 22, was in favour of the Oxford crew, who won by three-quarters of a length. Cambridge won the toss, and selected the Surrey side of the river. At first Cambridge led, rowing thirty-eight strokes to the minute. At Hammersmith, however, the favourites had gained an advantage of about a quarter of a length, which they maintained when Chiswick was reached. Here the Cambridge crew pluckily tried to reverse matters, but their effort was unsuccessful. At Barnes Bridge the Oxonians had increased their chances of winning by preceding their rivals by a length and a quarter. Quickly the well-rowed race came to an end, by Oxford gaining a victory by three-quarters of a length. This time a foregone conclusion has verified itself, and the Oxford crew deserve hearty congratulations upon their success. The day was beautifully fine, and the crowds on the banks and bridges accordingly showed an increase on previous records. In the evening the crews dined together under the presidency of Lord Esher.

The memorial stained-glass window in the south aisle of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, in honour of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, was unveiled on March 18 by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., in the presence of Archdeacon Farrar and of the Speaker and a committee of members of the House of Commons appointed to provide this memorial of so eminent a member of that House.

At the general court of the Governors and Company of the Bank of England, on March 16, the chairman, Mr. David Powell, made a statement of the position of the Baring liquidation. The liabilities, which had amounted in the aggregate to £30,313,000, were reduced to £4,558,000; nearly the whole of the bills and remittances, amounting to £21,193,000, had been got in without loss, and securities

had been realised to the amount of £4,560,000, in a period of two years and a quarter. The guarantors had agreed to continue their guarantee for one-fourth of the original amount, which was all that was now required, during a twelvemonth from next November. The net profits of the Bank of England for the last half-year were £680,739, yielding a dividend of £4 15s. per cent. without deduction for income tax.

The trial of the persons accused of paying or receiving bribes to French Ministers or members of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, in 1887 and 1888, to promote the Panama Canal Company's loan and lottery schemes, was finished on Tuesday, March 21, in the Court of Assize at Paris. Three of the ten defendants, M. Charles de Lesseps, M. Baihaut, then Minister of Public Works, and M. Blondin, then of the Crédit Lyonnais, are found guilty. M. Charles de Lesseps is condemned to one year's imprisonment; M. Baihaut to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 750,000f., and civil degradation; and M. Blondin to two years' imprisonment. The jury found extenuating circumstances in favour of M. de Lesseps and M. Blondin, but none for M. Baihaut. The rest of the defendants, MM. Fontane, Secretary-General of the Suez Canal Company, and formerly Administrator of the Panama Company; Bérail, Senator and ex-Minister; Proust, Deputy, ex-Minister for Fine Arts; Dugué de la Fauconnerie, Deputy; Gobron, ex-Deputy; and Sans-Leroy, ex-Deputy, were acquitted. The Government will be questioned in the Chamber of Deputies with respect to its conduct of the Panama case, as all the members of Parliament who were selected by the Government for prosecution have been acquitted.

It is provided in the sentence against M. Charles de Lesseps that the one year's imprisonment to which he is condemned by the Assize Court shall be concurrent with the five years' imprisonment to which he was recently condemned by the Court of Appeal, for fraudulent acts as a Director of the Panama Canal Company.

The counsel for the Panama creditors failed to obtain damages from the defendants who were acquitted; but M. Baihaut was condemned to restore the 375,000f. to the liquidator of the Panama Company. Failing the obtaining of this sum from M. Baihaut, MM. de Lesseps and Blondin are jointly and severally made liable for the amount. M. Antonin Proust made a public declaration that he would return the 20,000f. he had received from Baron de Reinach to the liquidator of the Panama Company.

When the verdict was delivered, Messrs. Charles de Lesseps, Baihaut, and Blondin were summoned into the dock, and remained while a long discussion took place between the counsel for the canal creditors and the counsel for the defence. Meanwhile, the defendants who had been acquitted had come into court. M. Fontane, by special permission, took his place just outside the dock, close to M. Charles de Lesseps, and sat there during the discussion sobbing bitterly. While the Court adjourned to consider the sentences, the prisoners were permitted to receive visits from their relations. Madame Charles de Lesseps saw her husband in the cell in which he was detained. Madame Baihaut, accompanied by her two daughters, had an affecting interview with her husband; and M. Blondin bade farewell to his son and daughter. Messrs. Sans Leroy and Fontane, who have been in custody since the beginning of the trial, were released as soon as the sentences were delivered.

In compliance with the request of the French Government, the Public Prosecutor at Strasburg has been directed to issue a warrant for the arrest of Arton. It will be communicated to all the German police authorities. The German Government have been unable to forward the originals of the telegrams sent by Herz from Germany, as they were destroyed some time ago.

The funeral of M. Jules Ferry took place at Paris on Wednesday, March 22, attended by a large military escort and many official deputations. His body had lain in state at the Luxembourg, where the coffin, placed on a raised platform with a black canopy, was covered by a huge tricolour flag, the same that was used on the occasion of Gambetta's funeral. The Salle des Gardes, converted into a mortuary chapel, was hung with black and silver draperies and lighted by wax candles and lamps burning green lights. Wreaths and evergreens were arranged at the foot of the catafalque, and infantry sentries stood at attention at each corner. Over ten thousand persons filed past the coffin, including some from Alsace and Lorraine.

The Army Bills Committee of the German Reichstag has rejected the second reading of the whole of the Government measures, together with all the amendments brought forward by the different parties. This decision will in due course be formally reported to the Reichstag shortly after the Easter holidays.

The cholera is reported to be rapidly spreading all over Central Russia. The peasants are dying by thousands, the population is panic-stricken, and great distress prevails throughout the whole region. The provinces most severely visited by the scourge are Astrakhan, Ekaterinoslav, and Moscow. The publication of reports concerning the epidemic is prohibited.

M. Alexejev, the Mayor of Moscow, was shot on March 21, at the Townhall, just before the ceremony of swearing the members of the new Municipal Council. His assailant, under the pretext of presenting a petition, fired two shots. One, which it is feared will prove mortal, struck the Mayor in the left groin. The assassin is one Andriyanoff, who was recently expelled from St. Petersburg. There was found upon him a paper with the words, "Let fallen on you."

The Siamese Government has definitely rejected the demands formulated by the French Minister on the frontier question, with special reference to the Mekong boundary.

The British flag has been hauled down by a French officer in disputed territory on the Gambia. No particulars of the incident are yet known. Her Majesty's special service vessel *Alecto* has gone up the Gambia.

MUSIC.

The difficulty of combining Easter opera with Easter fancy-dress balls has been solved in the simplest possible manner. The latter will continue at Covent Garden as heretofore, and the former will be carried on at Drury Lane. The arrangement is a good one in every way, but more particularly because it will not permit the two undertakings to clash or the short intervening season to interfere with the preparations for the regular season. Except as to the likelihood of this extra campaign coming off, our forecast of last week coincided exactly with the plans now announced on the manager's authority. MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke have both been re-engaged, and "La Damnation de Faust" is to be duly mounted for them. "La Juive" is to be revived at Drury Lane soon after Easter, and the question whether it is to be given at Covent Garden later on will be settled entirely by the degree of its success. The name of the young French composer to whom we alluded in connection with a romantic opera in two acts has now been divulged. He is a son of Baron d'Erlanger, the well-known financier, and has been partly educated in this country, where he now resides. The title of the opera is "Jehan de Saintré," and the libretto, by MM. Jules and Pierre Barbier, is founded upon an old Provençal story of the time of King René. It is understood that the hero, a young page who in the second act becomes a full-blown knight, will be impersonated by Miss Zélie de Lussan. The present intention is also to produce "Jehan de Saintré" at Drury Lane, but not before the month of June. Sir Augustus Harris's company for the "grand season" is, if anything, a trifle stronger already than last year's, and, as they used to say about a certain youthful giantess, it is "still growing." The proportion of débutants is unusually small, while of the well-known names it will suffice to enumerate Madame Melba, Madame Nordica, Madame Calvé, Miss Zélie de Lussan, Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson, Miss Esther Palliser, Mdles. Sofia and Giulia Ravogli, Mdle. Meisslinger, Miss Marie Brema, Mdle. Bauermeister, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Herr Max Alvary, Signor de Lucia, Signor Vignas, Signor Giannini, Herr Lieban, Signor Mario Ancona, M. Dufrique, Mr. D. Bispham, M. Plançon, Herr Wiegand, and M. Castelmarty.

The Popular Concert season is gradually drawing to a close, and, as usual, becomes more interesting as it does so. It is Mr. Chappell's custom, like an experienced general, to concentrate his forces towards the termination of the campaign, and then wind up with a brilliant display, in which there are engaged about as many of his regular batteries as can be brought into action in the course of a single evening's operations. At about this time, however, there invariably comes a Saturday when Dr. Joachim is engaged to play at the Crystal Palace, and for that date it behoves the director of the "Pops" to look about him for a goodly combination to compensate for the temporary loss of his "bright particular star." In the present instance he was fortunate in one respect. At any rate, Mdle. Gabrielle Wietrowetz made a most acceptable substitute for her illustrious teacher as leader of the quartet, fulfilling that duty in Beethoven's Op. 18 with admirable intellectuality and true musicianly sentiment; while her superb rendering of Spohr's "Scena Cantante" (better known, perhaps, as the "Dramatic" concerto) revealed so many of the characteristic Joachim qualities that one could easily imagine it to be the master and not the pupil who was playing. Her success was proportionately great, an encore being exacted even after Mdle. Wietrowetz had gone through Spohr's long and trying work with only a pianoforte accompaniment. So far, so good. The pianist of the afternoon was scarcely an artist of the same calibre. He was a newcomer, M. Charles Förster by name, possessing something of a Continental reputation, and said to entertain a strong predilection in favour of pianos with a compass of six-and-a-half to seven octaves. He did not give a conventional performance of Schumann's "Carnaval," but unfortunately the more unconventional he became the less his ideas resembled those of the composer or the composer's gifted widow. The result, therefore, was not wholly satisfying; nor was M. Förster's chance of success augmented when, interpreting the mere compliment of a recall into a demand for more, he sat down again and treated his "classical" audience to a lengthy transcription of the "Feuerzauber" from "Die Walküre." No, we are used at the "Pops" to better pianists—and English ones to boot—than Mr. Charles Förster. The vocalist at this same concert was Mr. Santley, who sang Piatti's "Lover's Appeal," to the composer's obligato, but was heard to much greater advantage in "L'Addio"—that particular "Addio" which is attributed to Mozart. Mr. Henry Bird accompanied everything in his customary faultless manner.

Dr. Joachim's appearance at Sydenham on the same afternoon was chiefly made remarkable by the fact that he resisted the temptation of trotting out one of his familiar *chevaux de bataille*. The great violinist was heard in Mozart's concerto in A major, the score of which he discovered at Salzburg in the "fifties," and which had never, until he revived it, been played in public since the composer's lifetime. Only once before (in 1884) had Dr. Joachim introduced this charming work to a Crystal Palace assemblage, and, needless to add, his interpretation was as much instinct with beauty and grace as the music itself. For a solo he played Gade's "Capriccio," and finally, for an encore, he gave as no one else can one of those unaccompanied pieces by Sebastian Bach wherein his audiences most delight to hear him. A new soprano, Miss Mary Harris, made her début at this concert, and impressed very favourably by her sympathetic voice and pleasing style. She was extremely nervous, however, and will doubtless display her talents to greater advantage on some future occasion.



THE FIRST LESSON.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By
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CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT?

LARA carried home this romantic secret without imparting it to her cousin, who was not, indeed, in a state of mind favourable for the reception of any secret. The greatest secret of the whole world—even the

secret of life—would fall flat on the ears of a girl sick with love suppressed. She carried it home uncertain what to do with it. She had found Francesca's father! She had found the man whose portrait Francesca kept continually before her, wreathed like the Icon of a Saint with flowers ever fresh! Francesca's father, who was dead, had returned to

life! Should she tell her? And how should she tell her? But it was her father's secret. He knew it. It was his secret. She must tell him what she had discovered. And she could do nothing in the matter except with his knowledge and consent.

At dinner that same evening she began to talk of her cousin's lodger.

"Yes," said her father. "He's a superior kind of man. And his work is good. There's the right feeling in it. In twenty years' time it will have a name, and will be worth money."

"He is a man of education," said Clara, reddening.

"Oh! you think so, do you?" Mr. Angelo glanced sharply at his daughter. "You've been talking to him, I suppose. Well, he is a man of education—more than most. And what are you colouring up for, Clara?"

"Well, father, if you take up a man on the mere strength of an introduction from Hamburg and place him in lodgings with my cousin Nell, who never had a lodger before and doesn't want one, it's very clear that you had some reason, and I hope you won't think I am spying and prying into your reason for anything."

"I don't think any such thing, my dear. It would be a poor look-out for both of us if I did think so. But go on."

"Well, father. Suppose this man told me certain things—suppose I were to find out certain things"—

"Then, my dear, you would hold your tongue about those things."

"How am I to distinguish the things that I must keep to myself from the things that I may talk about?"

"My dear, do you know the story of the man who saw the Devil? 'How did you know,' someone asked him, 'that it was the Devil?' And he said, 'My friend, when you do see the Devil, you'll know fast enough that it is the Devil.' So I say, when you do find out those things, you will know fast enough that you mustn't talk about them."

"Well, father"—after receiving this Oriental apologue—"the fact is, I have found out certain things, and as I don't quite know what you would like me to do, I've said nothing. Perhaps I had better tell you at once."

"That is the very best thing you can do."

"This Mr. Ellis attracted me from the beginning. I seemed to know his face and his voice; then his manners were so beautiful—not only the gentle, courteous manner which we sometimes find among our own People, even the poorest, but he has the manners and the bearing of a gentleman. He belongs to gentleness—you can see that at once."

"Go on, Clara."

"That made me curious. I began to suspect that he was a Russian Jew, compromised, perhaps, in some Nihilist plot or something of the kind. So I talked more to him, and I



found out all kinds of interesting things about him. He knows science, art, literature, music—everything. He talks I don't know how many languages; he has travelled everywhere; he is a chemist, and—most wonderful of all—he doesn't want money."

"Doesn't want money? Well, my dear, these clever men have all got a craze somewhere. Doesn't want money? Lucky we are not all clever men. Go on, Clara. Dear me! Doesn't want money!"

"This very afternoon he told me why he gave up his old life and became a wanderer and a working man. He told me without any concealment. He was just married to a rich wife, and she was an obstinate person who preached nonsense about woman's submission, and refused to obey her husband; so he walked out of the house, which I suppose was hers, and left her never to return. He gave up everything—the great fortune, and the position, and everything—all because his wife was possessed by a fad. Now, directly he told me this I understood everything: the likeness that haunted me, the voice that I seemed to know, the eyes that were familiar. Why, father, they were Francesca's eyes, and her voice and her face, and the face is the same as that of Francesca's miniature! So I started up, and I cried: 'You are Emanuel Elveda!'"

"And he owned up, did he?"

"Yes. He said there was no concealment necessary—that he had nothing to hide. He has come over on some business. This done, he will go away again. Now, father, what am I to do? Shall I tell Francesca?"

"Not yet."

"What shall I do?"

"Tell nobody at present. Go and see him as often as you please. I think he is a soft-hearted creature—else he would want money—and perhaps your conversation may keep him in the country a little longer."

"If I knew what you wanted to do— There is always the chance of making some mess of things. Of course, if it's business"—

The details of business are in certain households considered taboo. This prevents a good deal of awkwardness, especially where things are bought for little and sold for much, or where things are bought and sold under assurances that go very near the wind indeed. The practice saves explanations, and enables the ladies of the family to hold up their heads and to feel a glow when they send subscriptions to charitable objects.

"Why shouldn't you know, Clara?" her father replied. "You are not a chatterer. Besides, it's not likely that the business, whatever happens, will turn out to be any good to ourselves. The man is Madame Elveda's husband. Of course you know that the Spanish Moor story is rubbish: both she and her husband are, like ourselves, Spanish Jews; and as for Madame, I will tell you now that she is neither more nor less than your own cousin. Yes, you needn't look surprised. Your own cousin. She was Isabel Albu, granddaughter of Albu, the contractor, who made an immense fortune out of the English in the Peninsular War. Your own cousin, Clara. I called upon her the other day and reminded her of the fact. Francesca is your own cousin, too. Very well, then. The girl is heiress to a million and a half, at least. A million and a half. Or two millions. That's a pretty tidy little fortune, isn't it? The mother can leave it as she pleases, but of course she will give it all to her daughter. A very nice little fortune to be in a family, isn't it? Why, only at three per cent. it's forty-five thousand a year. If I had it, I would make it fifteen per cent., and two hundred thousand a year. My word, Clara, think of that! Well, the long and short is, that we ought to keep this great fortune in the family if possible."

"How can we?"

"Now you understand why I wanted you to be friendly with the girl. What do you think, Clara, of reconciling husband and wife? Eh? Of bringing the wife and her daughter back to their own People? Eh? Isn't that worth trying? Then the girl will have to marry one of our own People, eh? I only wish you were a boy, Clara."

"Well, father, if you try to move the husband you will be just trying to move a rock. That is quite certain. Stubborn? He is as immovable as the Law itself. And if you can imagine Madame going back to her husband—Madame Elveda, all pride and dignity and stateliness, going back in humility and submission—well, I can't. That's all."

"Very well. I've told you everything. Perhaps you will devise some way. Think it over, Clara."

Next morning, at breakfast, Clara resumed the subject. "I've been thinking all night," she said, "about Emanuel Elveda."

"Well?"

"You want this man to be reconciled to his wife, and to exercise the influence of a husband over her: and you want somehow to keep this great fortune in our own family?"

"Exactly."

"If Francesca were to marry a Christian it would be lost to us."

"It certainly would."

"Well, she has had one offer—lots of offers, but only one to speak of—from a very desirable person indeed, who will very likely be an Earl. She refused him because she would not be submissive to any man. But she loves him all the same—remember that. I know she loves him. She doesn't say much, because she would never confess such a thing even to me. She thinks about him continually, and I should never be surprised to hear that she had changed her mind and accepted him. Still, so far she has refused him."

"So far—good."

"The more I think about it the more I am persuaded that any attempt to bend the proud will of Madame Elveda or her husband would be utterly useless. If they were common persons, who had merely quarrelled and reviled each other, it would be different. But they are not: they are very responsible

persons, and they respect each other too much, and they respect themselves too much. Would it be possible for Madame Elveda—the leader of the women—to confess that her whole career has been based upon a mischievous mistake? She never could—never—never—never."

"Well—what would you do? You talk as if you had got a plan."

"If the case of the wife is hopeless, it is still worse with the husband, who is so stiff for his religion and the Law. But can we try something with Francesca herself? Now think, father. Emanuel Elveda does not know that he has a daughter. Francesca does not know that she has a father living. Suppose I can bring them to each other without telling them what we know? Francesca will be attracted by the man from the very beginning. Oh! I am sure of it. His eyes, that rest on one and seem to read your thoughts; his face, which might be the face of the Prophet Elisha himself; his voice—his manner—will strike straight into Francesca's imagination; she will respect him; she will soon reverence him; she will be prepared to learn that he is her father, and that once learned, she will obey him in everything."

"Well, my dear"—Mr. Angelo was not sufficiently versed in the feminine mind to comprehend the subtlety—"it seems to be beating about the bush. For my own part, I should have driven the girl over there in a hansom cab, and I should just have said, 'Francesca, here's your Pa,' or words to that effect. But perhaps you're right. Or I should have asked them both to luncheon or dinner—say, at the St. James's, in a private room, and introduced them over a bottle of champagne. I should have said, 'Emanuel, this is your only daughter. Give her a kiss,' or words to that effect."

Clara laughed merrily. "Oh! Emanuel—and Francesca—at the St. James's—over a bottle of champagne! It's too delicious to think of it! No, father, you can take a common, plain girl like me to a restaurant and you can give me champagne. I like it. But Francesca and Emanuel! Oh!" She laughed again. "No, my plan is better."

"Clara, my dear," said her father, admiringly. "I regret less and less every day the money I laid out upon your education. It isn't only the books and things you've learned. It's the knowledge of the world, and society, and young ladies. Now, do you know, my dear, I confess that I should have stuck to the idea of St. James's and the little lunch. But if you pull this thing through and save the money for the family, I shall say—I shall say, Clara—that you ought to have been a boy. And I don't think you can pay any girl any greater compliment."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EXPLANATION.

"You are displeased with me, mother. I have seen it for a long time."

"No, Francesca." The elder lady laid down her pen and turned her chair. "Sit down and let us talk. I am not displeased. I have no right to be displeased with anything you do. You are free to work out your own career. I am only disappointed. I think I have the right, my child, to feel some disappointment."

"Yes—oh!—yes—and yet"—She paused, standing with joined hands, like a little girl trying to find an excuse.

There comes a time in every case of trouble when an Explanation is necessary. First, the little rift—the consciousness on one side of having given cause for offence, and on the other side of being offended—then the silence, with tacit consent, on the subject: then the awkward subject which must be avoided: then the widening of the rift: then the constraint: then the sickness, decay, and death of love, unless the Explanation steps in, like a Physician, to heal and restore. And perhaps, though the little rift be mended, there remains for ever the memory with the scar. In certain circles the Explanation is called a Speaking up or out. "I must Speak up, and I will," says the girl to her lover. "Don't go to think I am one to be trodden on; I shall Speak up. Or one says to her friend after the row: 'I had to Speak out, and I did, once for all. Now he knows; and if he never comes near me again, so much the better.'" The Explanation in such a case is generally a surgeon, who finally cuts the pair in two, so that they may go different ways hereafter and scowl when they meet. The time, you see, was arrived for one or other of these two ladies to have an Explanation.

"Sit down, dear," said Madame Elveda, "and let us talk a little." Francesca, however, remained standing. "See!" she continued, looking round her table, which was groaning under the weight of letters, pamphlets, reports, and papers. "The work to which I set my hand twenty years ago has grown, as you see, and know. I came here because London is the true centre of all such work as mine. I published my book, I took this house, I opened it freely to all who were working for the same end—the elevation and the emancipation of women. All those who work for women, whether I approve their methods or not, come here—this is their house, I am their Leader. One moment, Francesca, and you shall have your say. I repeat that I am the Leader: I have gathered all the strings into my own hands. No woman has ever before occupied such a position as I now hold. I am the Leader. Is this true, Francesca?"

"Of course it is quite true."

"It is also true, is it not, that I have done my best to fill you with the doctrines that I preach and profess? And you have known ever since you could understand anything what I hoped of you when you should arrive at womanhood?"

"Yes—I have always known that."

"Francesca—I ask—have I not the right to be disappointed?"

"My dear mother, what can I say? It is all quite true. And yet"—

"At our meetings you either sit silent, *distracte*, inattentive; or you look impatient—no girl's face ever betrayed her emotions as yours does. You never talk about the work; you show no kind of interest in it. Yet it is the work of my

life—I have lived for no other object—except it be that of bringing you up to succeed me and to carry it on."

"I am a degenerate daughter, indeed."

"What has come between us, child? Until quite lately—until a few weeks ago—you were still eager and interested. Has anything happened?"

"Yes, a great deal has happened, and all in the last week or two. I seem to have awakened. Everything looks different. It began with that business of Harold and his—you know"—she blushed and looked guilty. "He asked me if I would marry him. Well, I gave him an answer—such an answer as you approved. You expected that answer of me, did you not? Well, I gave it. Mother, you have constantly assured me that I am free, but I have only been free since I gave that answer to Harold. I gave it dutifully and because I believed that what you wished must be right."

"Well, child, and is it not right?"

"I do not know. Since then I have been considering the subject as a free woman, not as your daughter. Can you blame me for using my freedom? In obedience to you I sent away my lover. There is, therefore, no more love for me in the world. Perhaps that is as well. I do not say that it is not as well. It would be quite impossible for me to become the dutiful wife of any other man. But remember, I have given up love in obedience to you, and without considering the matter at all. That done, I began to look into things for myself."

"You will never regret that answer, Francesca."

"You think not? But it was the question, not the answer, that I had to consider. What did that mean? After Harold went away I began to reflect for the first time what love might mean—applied to myself, mind—not to an abstract unconditioned person—to myself."

"Well?"

Madame Elveda looked up sharply.

"I see myself," said the girl, lifting her head and looking into space, "standing beside him—beside the real man, you know—that is the first thing in love: you get at the real creature whom nobody knows but yourself—without any uniforms and liveries and trappings and titles—the real man as he really is. I say I see myself standing beside him and close to him, so that I understand for the first time how great and noble he really is—while I myself am so small and so weak. I see that I can love him chiefly because he is so great and so strong. I tremble because I am so weak and so small. How can he love me? Oh! mother, how could such a girl as I feel anything but little and feeble in the presence of such a man! Yet it does not humiliate me that he is my superior. The greater he is the more I love him. Can any woman love a man unless she respects him? Can she respect him unless he is greater than herself? Can she marry him unless she loves him? And after she has married such a man how can she ever venture to call herself his equal?"

"Humph! But the man is said to worship the woman. Would not your lover be thinking much the same of you?"

"He could not, unless he foolishly mistook the worth of her dress and her jewels for the worth of the woman herself. Well, mother, these thoughts have filled my mind ever since that morning. Before that I never considered what love might mean, nor how love might break down all your arguments."

"I hope, then, that you will speedily desist from the consideration of so dangerous a subject."

Francesca shook her head. "I think not," she replied gravely. "Since most women marry, it is at least an important subject."

"Think, then, that man and woman, equal by nature, may possess qualities which differ and yet supplement each other. But we only claim for woman a recognised equality: an equal share in the management of the world as well as of the house. The greatest fool in the eyes of the law is a man whose civic rights are equal to those of the wisest man. Assure her legal equality to woman—she will herself take care of the rest."

Francesca shook her head.

"If the man is stronger and the woman loves him, he will prevail."

"You need not consider love at all, Francesca—unless"—

"There is no unless, mother. My love chapter is closed. Since I cannot accept Harold's courtship, I can think of no other man. That is why I am free to tell you what I have discovered—what love would mean to me."

Her mother groaned.

"You have got all this out of Harold's proposal? Oh! What fools women are!" How can we make them stand up for themselves?"

"Well, mother, that is my case—I am of the fools. But, of course, there may be marriages where people don't love each other. Then it would be easy for each to go his own way. Neither would care."

"Good Heavens!" cried Madame Elveda. "Had I known what mischief that young man was going to do, he should never have entered this house."

"But, my dearest mother. Women, you say, must be the equals of men, otherwise—otherwise—well—but—given the case of a woman who loves a man greatly her superior. Equality in that case is impossible, and submission is a joy. Will you grant the possibility of such a case?"

"When the woman is a fool—yes."

"Let me go on confessing, mother. Since I have been thinking of these things I have begun to feel a kind of repugnance to the whole question. You say that I have sat inattentive at your meetings. It is because the subject seems altogether altered. The speeches of your friends have become a flow of meaningless words—words—words that I know by heart—words that have no meaning. It is like a nightmare to listen to words that have no meaning. There is a voice within me that keeps on asking the same question, 'If women are the equals of men, why don't they prove it?' They are, you see, as well educated: they would become leaders in everything if they were men's equals. Yet all the leaders in everything are men—always men. And if we score a little triumph of a degree at Cambridge, we rejoice as much as if Huxley were a woman or Darwin were in petticoats. Why don't women prove their equality? And why, when a woman loves a man, does she cheerfully become his servant? Why do not women who love their husbands assert their equality?"

Madame Elveda listened with ominous gloom. "You are free," she said, "to develop any line of thought you please, or to take up any line of action. If you resolve upon devoting yourself to the destruction of your mother's life-long work, you can do so. I will not try to prevent you."

"Indeed, mother, I could never—oh! it is cruel to think that I could attack your work."

"My dear, if you are not with me you are against me. My daughter—mine—cannot be neutral."

"Then what am I to do? Shall I pretend?"

"No. But think seriously about the questions—the great questions—at issue. Put aside this nonsense about love, which is only an incident—an illusion—a pleasant, short-lived dream. Suppose you have had it; let it pass. Consider the great question of woman's condition. Perhaps you might with advantage read my book again."

"I know it by heart—except the figures: the degradation of women, their hard lot, their miserable wages. I know it all."

"And yet you cannot work for them! Is your heart of stone, Francesca?"

"Indeed, it may be, for all I know. Perhaps it is."

"If I have failed to convince my own daughter I have failed indeed."

"How shall I explain, mother? You have convinced me that there are very great injustices. When we discussed the position and condition of women at Newnham I used to employ your facts and your arguments. I had the greatest success with them. They convinced everybody; but, somehow, they moved nobody. How is it that arguments never move anybody? The poets and the novelists move the world—logic never moves. We all agreed that we were the equals of man: we would never, never show submission to any man. And now I hear that they are all marrying in the usual way without any more heroics about submission."

"That means that under existing social arrangements they can only obtain a certain amount of personal freedom by accepting the authority of a husband."

"I read once of a parson who preached himself into infidelity. Sometimes I think that this is my case. My arguments no longer persuade me—they are sounds and words carrying no sense. Woman is man's equal. Oh! you have proved it in your book and in your articles and pamphlets. All the women in the world except one or two take the lower place without revolt or murmur—they have never in any single line of intellectual work proved themselves his equal—and they only love a man when they feel him to be greater and stronger than themselves. All that proves nothing. And yet—I say these things, mother, because they explain my present condition. Perhaps it is a passing cloud."

"Let us pass by the married women. Consider only the women who work. The field is large enough."

"The simple condition of women who have to work. Well, mother, my case as regards these people is even worse. When I read about women oppressed and starved, whether in London, or Paris, or Berlin, it is no more to me than if I were reading of women in China. They are just as far off and just as unreal. I have got no heart, I believe."

"But this is not natural, Francesca. Why should they be unreal?"

"Mother, is it not a natural result—if you come to think of it—of the life we have led? What have I got to do with the world, who have been brought up outside the world? Oh, I do not doubt but you acted for the best, and when you parted with your husband you left his People, and, I suppose, your own. Consider. I am the only girl in the whole world, I think, who has no cousins"—here her mother changed colour—"no brothers, sisters, relations of any kind, no family ties, no memories, no religion, no home, no country even—nothing at all to connect me with the world except the things of birth and growth and decay, not even a playfellow or a schoolfellow. When I went to Newnham it was a new experience for me to find girls whose minds—and hearts—were full of other people. It made me envious sometimes, wretched sometimes, to feel myself so lonely. Why, I remember one girl, for instance, she was the daughter of a country Vicar; she knew every soul in her native village; she taught the children, nursed the sick, made clothes for the babies, played the organ in the church; she had half-a-dozen brothers and sisters; one brother whom she loved the most was a prodigal; one sister was married and full of anxiety about her children. All this little world was her own; she knew how everybody in it felt; she felt with them; she was never alone; her own self seemed lost. Through them her sympathies went out here and there in long reaches. To me, what are these people? Shadows—shadows. I cannot feel for them—I have no heart. Now this girl was the servant of all these people—their submissive servant—because she loved them all. She is now engaged, and I am quite certain that she will never ask herself whether she is the equal of her lover or not."

"You make me more unhappy, child, than I can say."

"I am very sorry. But I have nearly finished. In my present frame of mind you see that I cannot possibly help you in your work. I am quite out of harmony with it. I understand—just through considering how it might have been had I allowed myself to love Harold—that the submissive wife may be, after all, the happiest—I suspect that women are not the intellectual equals of men—any more than they are his physical equals. In short, I am in a state of doubt and confusion. Whether it will last or not, I do not know. They say that in religion people sometimes pass through phases of doubt and come out only the stronger. Perhaps I may do the same thing."

"Perhaps, if you do not mix up imaginary love and nonsense. What do you propose, however? Will you face these foolish doubts, child, and knock them over? Believe me, they are but bogies—not real objections."

"I would rather imitate Jephthah's daughter and mourn my loveless fate upon the mountains—perhaps, in the long run, she overcame her doubts and acknowledged her father's

wisdom. I should like to sit in my own room—which would stand for mountains—secluded from a world which I do not know, and, while I was considering these doubts, cultivate Art with such girls as I could get to sit with me."

"Would a life of Art satisfy your soul? My dear, I offer you a life of Action."

"I do not know what would satisfy my soul. In imagination I see a submissive wife, who tells me she is happiest. Perhaps, mother, we might go back to our old life, and wander about from hotel to hotel and watch through the windows the Passing Show."

"Oh, Francesca!" Her mother took her hands, but the girl drew back.

"There is another thing, however. It has been suggested to me—I don't know whether it will be any use—I have very little faith in it—still, if you like, I will try it—seeing that I am so out of harmony with your work, it would be better for you—and for both of us—if I left you for a while. I am told that it is not good for me to brood and worry about difficulties in my own room. To be sure, I am more used to be alone than most girls. And a plan has been suggested—if it meets with your approval."

"You have your freedom, Francesca. Since you came of age you have your own banking account. There is no question of my consent."

this fails, I suppose everything will fail. You must give me up, and I will sit down for the rest of my life and look out of window at the Passing Show."

You understand at whose suggestion and persuasion this notable enterprise was set afoot. Clara lost no time in carrying out her idea; she would make Francesca known to her own father. There was the danger of one or the other finding out the name common to both, but it was Emanuel's humour to call everybody by what we others call their Christian name, and neither Francesca nor he himself was of a curious mind. Sooner or later the thing would certainly be discovered. Francesca might discover it: her father might discover it. She herself might reveal the secret.

She went straight to the point. "You are getting too full of fancies, Francesca," she said. "You want a change of scene and thoughts and company. Let me prescribe for you."

"Your prescription would be Brighton or Eastbourne, Clara. Another hotel. No, thank you."

"My prescription is going to be a very different thing. I shall take you, to begin with, out of this atmosphere of jasmine and lily. You shall go with me where you will get nothing but plain fresh air—as fresh as they can get, that is. You are unhappy with your mother because you are full of doubts and

questions. You are no longer in harmony with her ideas, and you are not clear about your own. See, now, what I will do for you. I have a cousin of whom I have told you—my cousin Nell. Well, Nelly is a teacher of music: she teaches the banjo and the piano and the concertina. She lives in a house of her own. Her father, who is on the Turf, sometimes pays the rent and sometimes forgets it, and Nell keeps herself by her lessons. I have spoken to her about you. She will let you have a bed-room and a share of the sitting-room whenever there are no pupils. And she will take you about and show you the working world—the real workers, not the working world of statistics: so many thousands of women working for so little a day, so many millions of submissive wives—but the world as it is. Then, perhaps, you will understand something. You shall see the cut-throat competition, after which you will not talk so glibly—not that you ever do—about sweaters. Oh, you don't know how hard it is to get work, to sell work, to pay your way at all; nor how many there are who are never able to climb up out of the dreadful ruck. And you will understand when you see the misery how strong must be the resolution to get out of it, and how brave and patient and clever must be the man who does succeed. And, if you look about, you will discover who are the men that succeed. They are of our People, Francesca—that is, of my People. They are the Jews who have these qualities and are so brave and patient. Down below—I have seen it—there is trample, trample, trample for the weak; and there is fighting, fighting, and fighting all the time for the strong."

"You tempt me, Clara. But what will my mother say?"

"Your mother is always saying that you are free. However, consult her. I want to show you what the world is, Francesca. The women have got to take their share, mind you, in the real world, without stopping to consider whether they are the equals of the men or not. There is no time for idle speculation. Oh! my dear Francesca—in this house can

one say it? Can one whisper it? There isn't an atom of reality in all the advanced women put together, because ninety women out of every hundred in the world belong to the place where they trample and they fight, and they've just got to do what they can and make the best of the conditions."

Francesca sighed. "You only make matters worse," she said. "The Passing Show was a pretty play. Yours is a bloodthirsty fight."

"Come down and see. There is a man down there who will talk to you—such a wise man, Fanchon—a kind of Prophet who wanders about the world and makes his observations. You shall be made quite comfortable. I will go over to see you as often as I can, but you will be better without me, alone with Nelly and Emanuel—the Prophet, you know—Emanuel, the Prophet. Think it over, Francesca, and come out of this place, which is a prison, barred, though gilded and scented. With Nelly, at least, you will not be able to ring a bell if you want anything. I do believe, Francesca, if you stay with her a month, you will learn to make the puddings, and you will not even desire to return to your Magic Knob."

"The child is packing up things," said Melkah, the old woman, to her mistress. "What is she doing that for?"

"She is leaving us for a week or two, Melkah. She is going to stay with friends for a while."

"It is not well with her. She sits without speaking or moving. She never sings nor smiles. Marry her—marry her. Let her marry the man who loves her. Else her fancies will turn to visions, and her visions will abide with her, and she will be like unto one who is stricken by the stars."

(To be continued.)



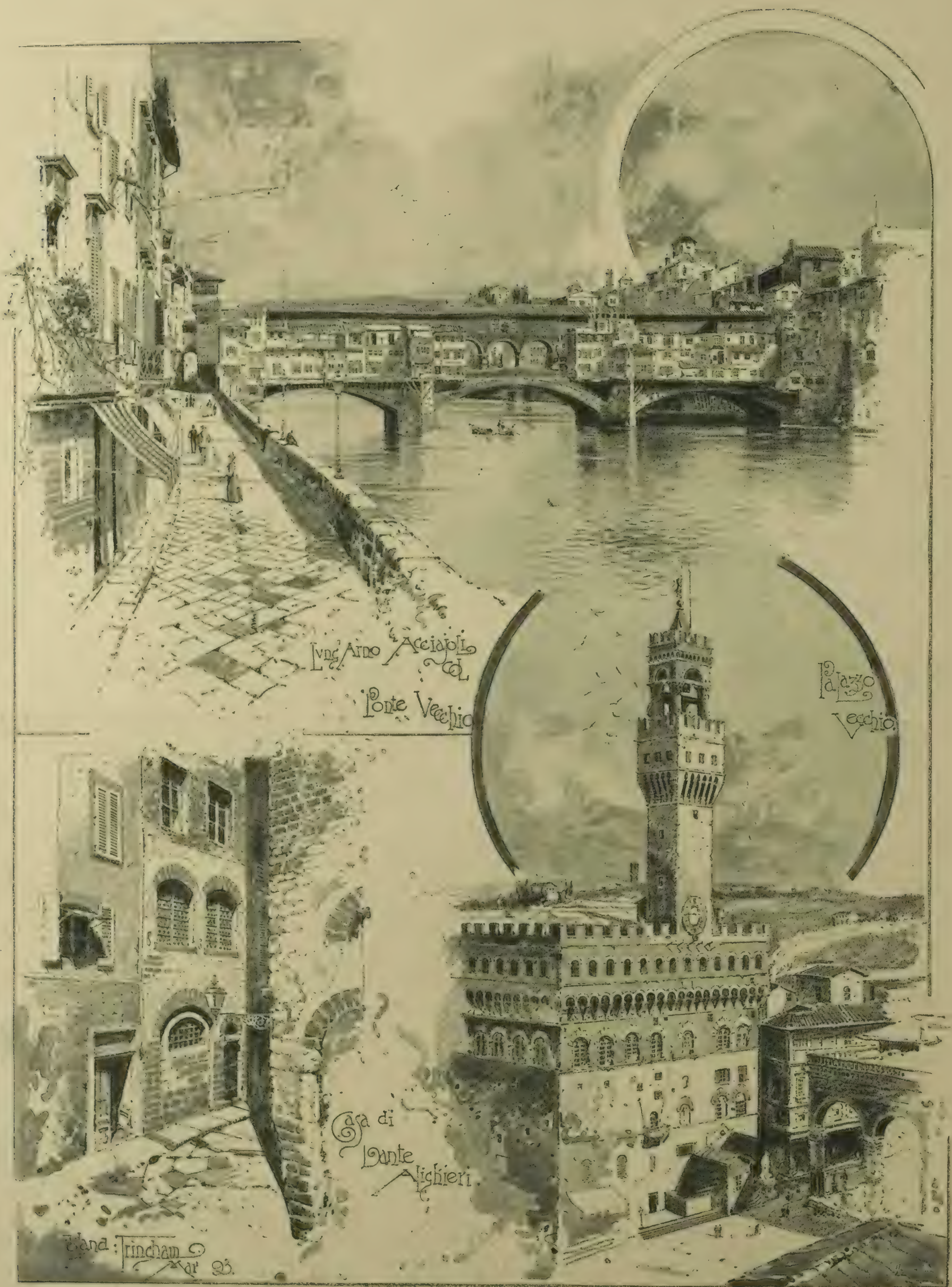
"The child is packing up things."

"That is a *façon de parler*, mother. You know that I could not undertake any serious step without your consent, and this is a very serious step. It is nothing less than a complete change of all my surroundings: I am to leave this house and go to live in small lodgings in a quarter filled with working people and see the working world—talk to it face to face—the working world, of which I have heard so much and seen so little. Perhaps in this way I shall return to sympathy with your work. I do not know—the thing may fail. I am not hopeful. I am not going with any charitable purpose. The pity and the love for these sisters of mine which my hard heart cannot feel may come to me when I understand that they are truly my sisters—if I can once understand such a thing. Perhaps, when I get—if ever I can get—a heart of my own, I shall be able to understand and to move the hearts of others."

Afterwards Francesca reproached herself for these words. What had her mother done except to write papers and books and articles?

"Indeed, Francesca," said her mother coldly, "after this extraordinary revelation—though I cannot understand it at all—some such step is clearly desirable. A complete change of scene and companions is perhaps necessary. Only, be careful of your companions. I consent, since you wish for my consent; and I approve, since you wish for my approval."

"I am going to lodge in the house of a young woman who teaches music. She will go about with me. The thing has been arranged by a cousin of hers. She is quite respectable, belonging to the class of women who work. Well, mother, if



PARABLES OF A PROVINCE.—VI.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

THE HOUSE WITH THE TALL PORCH.

No one ever visited at it except the Little Chemist, the Avocat, and Medallion: and Medallion, though merely an auctioneer, was the only one on terms of intimacy with its owner, an old Seigneur, who for years had never stirred beyond the limits of his little garden. At rare intervals he might be seen sitting in the large stone porch which gave overweighted dignity to the house, which was not very large. An air of mystery surrounded the place. In summer the grass was rank, the trees huddled together in gloom about the house, the vines appeared to ooze on the walls, and at one end, where the window-shutters were always closed and barred, a great willow drooped and shivered; in winter the stone walls showed naked and grim among the gaunt trees and furtive shrubs.

None who ever saw the Seigneur could forget him: a very tall figure, with stooping shoulders, a pale, deeply lined, clean-shaven face, and a forehead painfully white, with blue veins showing: the eyes handsome, penetrative, brooding, and made indescribably sorrowful by the dark, nervous skin round them. There were those in Pontiac, such as the Curé, who remembered when the Seigneur was constantly to be seen in the village; and then another person was with him always—a young, tall, graceful youth, his son. They were fond and proud of each other, and were religious, and good citizens in a high-bred, punctilious way. Then the Seigneur was all health and stalwart strength. But one day a rumour went abroad that the Seigneur had quarrelled with his son, because of the wife of Farette, the miller. No one outside knew if the thing was true; but Julie, the miller's wife, seemed rather to plume herself that she had made a stir in her little world. Yet the curious habitants came to know that the young man had gone, and after a good many years his having once lived there was almost a tradition. But the Little Chemist remembered whenever he set foot inside the tall porch; the Avocat was kept in mind by papers which he was called upon to read and alter from time to time; the Curé never forgot, because when the young man went he lost not one of his flock, but two; and Medallion, knowing something of the story, had it before him with gradually increasing frequency: besides, he had wormed a deal of the truth out of the miller's wife. He knew that the closed, barred rooms were the young man's, and he knew also that the old man was waiting, waiting, in a hope which he never even named to himself.

One day the silent old housekeeper came rapping at Medallion's door, and simply said to him, "Come—the Seigneur!" Medallion went, and for hours sat beside the Seigneur's chair, while the Little Chemist watched and sighed softly in a corner, now and again rising to feel the sick man's pulse and to prepare a draught. The housekeeper hovered behind the high-backed chair, and when the Seigneur dropped his handkerchief—now, as always, of the exquisite fashion of a past century—put it gently in his hand, and he would incline his head ever so slightly, and wipe his dry, bloodless lips with it.

Once when the Little Chemist touched his wrist his dark, brooding eyes rested on him with inquiry, and he said, "How long?"

It was useless trying to shirk the persistency of that look. "Ten hours, perhaps, Sir," he said with painful shyness.

The Seigneur seemed to draw himself up a little, and his hand grasped his handkerchief tightly for an instant. Then he said, "So long? Thank you." Then, after a little, his eyes turned to Medallion and he seemed about to speak, but still kept silent. His chin dropped on his breast, and for a time he was motionless and shrunken; but still there was a strange little curl of pride—or disdain—to his lips. At last he drew up his head; his shoulders came erect, heavily, to the carved back of the chair, where, strange to say, the Stations of



At rare intervals he might be seen sitting in the large stone porch which gave overweighted dignity to the house, which was not very large.



At last he rose, lifted his glass, and said: "The Angel of Patience is wise; I drink to my son!"

the Cross were figured, and he said, with a cold, ironical voice, "The Angel of Patience has lied!"

The evening wore on, and there was no sound save the ticking of the clock, the beat of rain upon the windows, and the deep breathing of the Seigneur. Presently he started, his eyes opened wide, and his whole body seemed to listen.

"I heard a voice," he said.

"No one spoke, my Master," said the housekeeper.

"It was a voice without," he said.

"Monsieur," said the Little Chemist, "it was the wind in the caves."

His face was almost painfully eager and sensitively alert. "Hush!" he said; "I hear a voice in the tall porch!"

"Sir," said Medallion, laying a hand respectfully on his arm, "it is nothing."

With a light on his face and a proud, trembling energy, he got to his feet. "It is the voice of my son," he said. "Go—go, and bring him in."

No one moved. But he was not to be disobeyed. His ears had been growing keener as he neared the subtle

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, on March 16, obtained in the House of Lords, without opposition, the second reading of his Bill, approved by both Houses of the Convocation of the Church, to remedy flagrant abuses and mischiefs in the exercise of patronage or private presentation to livings. Nearly half the parochial benefices, of greater aggregate value than those in public patronage, are in the hands of private owners. It is not proposed to interfere with this system, which is an essential part of the English Establishment, and which may, within certain limits, be very beneficial. His Grace observed that private donors had actually given to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners no less than two millions and a half sterling for the improvement of livings. Here is a very large amount of proprietorship, which ought in justice to be protected by law. The practice of selling such powers of patronage was one with which this Bill would not attempt to meddle; but the first evil to be dealt with, that of purchasing next presentations, which was really the sale and buying of livings for the immediate benefit of the purchaser, ought to be suppressed.

amount, with no reference whatever to the size of the families or the private incomes of those who do it. Therefore, it is maintained, all benefices should be raised by degrees to an amount on which a clergyman without private means can live as he ought to live.

The Welsh Suspensory Bill continues to attract universal attention throughout the Church of England. Dr. Randall Davidson, Bishop of Rochester, has come forward to urge that if there has to be a choice between Parliamentary partisanship and allegiance to the Church there should be no hesitation in choosing the latter. Public meetings, in which the bishops and clergy are taking a leading part, have been organised throughout the country.

One of the most striking speeches against Irish Home Rule that has been delivered is that of the Bishop of Derry at the Irish Church Synod. Dr. Alexander, who should certainly have been an English bishop long ago, has all the faculty of terse, pungent, witty statement possessed by the late Archbishop Magee, along with a depth and splendour which Magee never reached. In the course of his speech the Bishop referred to the action of Dr. Clifford in favour of Home Rule "more in sorrow than in anger."



Medallion went, and for hours sat beside the Seigneur's chair, while the Little Chemist watched and sighed softly in a corner, now and again rising to feel the sick man's pulse and to prepare a draught. The housekeeper hovered behind the high-backed chair.

atmosphere of that Brink where man strips himself to the soul for a lonely voyaging, and he waved the woman to the door. "Wait," he said, as her hand fluttered at the handle. "Take him to another room. Prepare a supper such as we used to have. When it is ready I will appear. But, listen, and obey. Tell him not that I have but a half-dozen hours of life. Go, good woman, and bring him in."

It was as he said. She found the son weak and fainting, fallen within the porch—a worn, bearded man, returned from failure and suffering and the husks of evil. They clothed him and cared for him, and strengthened him with wine, while the woman wept over him, and at last set him at the loaded, well-lighted table. Then the Seigneur came in, leaning his arm very lightly on that of Medallion with a kind of kingly air, and, greeting his son before them all as if they had parted yesterday, sat down. For two hours they sat there, and the Seigneur talked gaily with a colour to his face, and his great eyes glowing; and at last he rose, lifted his glass, and said: "The Angel of Patience is wise; I drink to my son!"

He was about to say something more, but a sudden whiteness passed over his face. He drank off the wine, and as he put the glass down shivered, and fell back in his chair. "Three hours short, Chemist," he said, and smiled, and was still—for ever.

The promoters of this Bill did not wish to make a complete revolution. They proposed to institute a public registration of patronage, to define by statute law the disqualifications for appointment to livings, to abolish those "donatives" which exempted the presentee from inquiry and institution by the Bishop, to prevent clergymen from bargaining for the resignation of their benefices, and to compel the resignation of those labouring under hopeless debt or hopeless infirmity, with a pension in the latter case. The institution of a Diocesan Board of Patronage, or of a special tribunal for the examination and approval of all purchases of rights of presentation, is not contemplated.

There is great difference of opinion in Church circles as to how poverty should be relieved. Some think that the relief should be given to the poor clergy; others, that it should be given to poor benefices. If the poor benefices are helped, it is argued that there would be an unequal distribution, for there might be a small benefice in one case to which an unmarried man was appointed, or at all events, one with only a small family, while in another case the owner of the benefice had a large family dependent upon him. Against this it is urged that a great deal of the work done for the Church under present conditions must be done gratuitously, and that this is a crying evil, since in other professions work done is remunerated according to its value and

Dr. Alexander is a large-hearted and generous man, and has more than once testified his appreciation of the London Nonconformists' books.

The Bishop of Liverpool, true to his well-known principles, has come forward in defence of evening communion. He says that "evening communions were first discouraged when false doctrine began in the Church and the spirit of anti-Christ came in, and were first revived when the Church of England awoke from her long sleep at the beginning of this century."

The London Junior Clergy Missionary Association numbers at present 131 members, and during the year four have left England for missionary work. A similar society has been formed in Bristol, and it is urged that other large towns should follow suit.

Mr. Lyttleton, the first Master of Selwyn College, has accepted a parochial cure. The *Guardian* is anxious that the new Master of Selwyn should be really and definitely a Churchman. Selwyn has a promising pile of buildings and large grounds, although it has not, perhaps, done everything that has been expected.

A new work will shortly be published by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, entitled "Jesus and the Resurrection," and the indefatigable Archdeacon of Taunton will issue a supplement to his "Notes of My Life." V.

LITERATURE.

A RESUSCITATED POET.

In the case of the revival of an ancient poet, a distinction is clearly to be drawn between the forgotten and the absolutely unknown—the writer whom contemporaries or posterity, or both, have agreed to sentence to oblivion and the writer who has never had the opportunity of challenging the public judgment. So far as concerns the most important portion of his work, the latter is the case with William Basse (1583?—1655?), whose *Poetical Works*, for the first time collected and edited, with Introduction and Notes by R. Warwick Bond (Ellis and Elvey) have come before the world in a singularly handsome edition. Of Basse's first poem, if it indeed be his, two copies are known; of his second, one; his elegy upon Prince Henry, until the discovery of some missing stanzas pasted inside an old book-cover, half belonged to the British Museum and half to the Bodleian; and a few congratulatory verses appear here and there in the poetical works of others. If this were all his claim it would have been easier to exhume than to resuscitate him. Basse, however, at an advanced age prepared for the press, even to the title-page, a more important collection of poems, which never saw the light until, in 1869, a very limited number of copies were printed by Mr. J. P. Collier from the manuscript in the late Mr. Cosens's library. This was practically no publication; as regards his best work, therefore, this singer of the seventeenth century is a new candidate for the laurel, which he seems to us fully to deserve. The poems prepared for press in 1653 consist of pastorals, artificial, it is true, but with more of genuine truth to rural nature than usual in this kind of composition; and of two narrative poems of considerable length, "Urania," written, indeed, at a considerably earlier date, and the "Metamorphosis of the Walnut-Tree of Borestall," both distinguished by a quaint and perhaps extravagant invention, and, as well as the pastorals, charming the ear by the liquid melody of versification and satisfying the critical judgment by the general grace and simplicity of their diction. They are well characterised in the commendatory verses attributed to Dean Bathurst—

Whose well-weigh'd fancy flies an even pitch,
And neither creeps, nor soars beyond our reach.
Like some clear stream, whose everlasting store
Still fills its banks, and yet not drowns the shore.

About the same time Basse had prepared another collection entitled "Polyhymnia," which till recently existed in two manuscript copies, both of which have disappeared. From the fragments preserved it would seem to have been of inferior merit, as also are his earlier poems, with the exception of a fine and often-quoted copy of memorial verses on Shakspeare. Everywhere, however, we encounter the same suave versification and limpid propriety of diction; his handling of the heroic couplet is a happy mean between the roughness of the early Elizabethans and the artificiality of Pope; and he excels in narrative. He was probably born at Northampton about 1583. His position throughout his life was that of a dependant in the household of Sir Richard Wenman, of Thame Park, in Oxfordshire—a position scarcely reconcilable with self-respect in our day, but which in his frequently offered the kind of asylum of which the suppression of the monasteries had deprived gentle natures unmet to battle with the world. About 1624 he married, and took a house of his own, without relinquishing his dependence on the Wenmans. He was certainly living in 1653, and probably died between that year and 1657, for which period the Thame registers are imperfect. His life seems to have been tranquil and happy, and he has been fortunate after death in an editor who has frustrated the secretive propensities of Mr. Collier, made the librarian of Winchester College hunt up the missing volume of the first pastorals, ferreted every nook for information, found, but not manufactured, ample occasion for agreeable commentary, and to whose just content, as he surveys the handsome volume which worthily enshrines the fruits of his well directed labours, nothing can be wanting but the recovery of the missing "Polyhymnia," which almost certainly exists somewhere. We have only to remark that, although everything else seems to favour Basse's authorship of "Sword and Buckler," a young man of nineteen would be hardly likely to credit himself with the parentage of two sons, even as poetic fiction; and that if Dean Bathurst used the ancient reckoning, as he probably did, the date of his verses will be not 1651 but 1652.

R. GARNETT.

THE LITERARY DRAMA.

Three Plays. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. (David Nutt.)—One of the controversies which are always with us turns on the value of literature in the drama. Can a good play have a literary flavour? Is it detrimental to a play on the stage to be written so well as to make excellent reading in a book? Mr. Traill, I think, once compared Shakspeare as a dramatist disadvantageously with Boucicault. In so far as Shakspeare was a poet, he suffered as a playwright. I have heard another critical expert contend that you cannot judge the ideas in "Lear" unless you have them set forth in prose. There is no end to the agreeable speculations of gentlemen whose business it is to strew our monotonous path in life with the artificial flowers of paradox. But in this volume before me the question about the value of literature in a play is raised to some purpose. All three of these dramas are extremely well written, but the authors, with a modest eye to the real or supposed necessity of "cutting the cackle" when your play is presented to the pit, have marked in brackets a great many passages which may be omitted in dramatic representation. Yet there is nothing inordinately long in the speeches, except some, perhaps, in "Deacon Brodie," the least

interesting play of the three. I have seen the Deacon on the stage and I have read him in this book, and to me he seems a dull rascal at the best. His "double-life" hypocrisy by day and riot and robbery by night grows very wearisome. His bad companions are not as exhilarating as the thieves in "The Silver King," though one of them, a gentleman whose favourite expletive is "Muck!" is drawn with no little vigour. Between the writing of this play and the writing of "Beau Austin" there was, I should say, a considerable interval of time. The Beau is in every respect a better piece of work, and when I saw him on the Haymarket stage the interminable question about literature in the drama appeared to be triumphantly answered. Everybody in the story was alive except "a Royal Duke," whose eloquence was strictly confined to the nodding plumes of his cocked hat. Everybody talked well, though the dialogue had no odour of the best paraffin. There are scenes from plays which a man carries about in his mind all his life. At dull moments they come back to him: up go the footlights again, and the people who have stirred his heart and fancy enact some moving episode which is as fresh to him as on the night when it first held him fascinated and absorbed. There are passages in "Beau Austin" which adorn my acting edition of the drama in the theatre of memory. I never could wholly accept the Beau's sudden repentance of the particular act of gallantry which had wrecked the happiness of Dorothy Musgrave; and perhaps it was difficult to enter into the sudden enthusiasm of that young woman for the Beau's meekness when he is struck in the face by her brother in the presence of the Royal Duke, whose stage direction is "dumb show." We live in times of such simplicity and virtue that it is no easy matter to make credible and impressive the moral atmosphere in which a Regency libertine seriously plumed himself on the highest qualities of a gentleman. Historically this is quite true, but you cannot remember all the varying codes of manners in history when you are sitting at a play; nevertheless, "Beau Austin" has a human interest which is very keen. The dominant note in "Admiral Guinea" is, perhaps, somewhat fantastical. There is a striking scene which might not be possible on the stage, in which the old slave skipper, who has become deeply religious, walks in his sleep into the room where the blind burglar is in the act of rifling the chest which he supposes to contain the Admiral's hoard. The blind man is our old friend Pew, of "Treasure Island," one of Mr. Stevenson's most notable creations, who figures in this play with a delightful surface of humour to his devilry. But his terror in the presence of the sleepwalker, whose disregard of his presence is so uncanny, is a vivid touch of Mr. Stevenson's romantic method. As a drama, "Admiral Guinea" is not of much account, but Pew's good things (especially those in brackets) and the pleasant odour of sheer recklessness, which comes like a breath from the South Seas into the Strand, make the piece a joy to the jaded.

L. F. A.

A NATURALIST IN PATAGONIA.

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. Illustrated by Alfred Hartly and J. Smit. (Chapman and Hall, 1893.)—The well-deserved success of the "Naturalist in La Plata" has tempted Mr. Hudson to elaborate and publish more extracts from his journals, some of the chapters being, however, reprints of papers from *Longman's* and other magazines. Although "the old is better" there is much fresh and interesting information about the fauna and flora of the plains of Patagonia, and impressive descriptions of their weird and often solitary features, while the love of all living things, and the keen, accurate, and sympathetic observation of them, which is the charm of the earlier work is not absent from the later. If there is less of new and fascinating fact about the nature and habits of animals, as in the delightful chapters on the songs and dances of the birds of the Pampas, there is more generalisation, drawn from these and kindred facts, which makes the book a welcome addition to the philosophy of natural history.

E. C.

JOHN LINNELL.

Life of John Linnell. By Alfred J. Story. (Bentley and Son.)—Born before the close of the last century, and living up to within the last twelve years, John Linnell was an interesting link between the past and the present. He was born in Bloomsbury in 1792, the son of a picture-frame maker in a small way, and he died at Redhill in a beautiful house, built after his own design, with savings or portions to his children amounting to £300,000. He was never even an Associate, still less an Academician; yet his pictures, unlike those of many of that body, have fetched higher prices since his death than he ever obtained for them when alive. He was a man of strong individuality, versatile alike in his art and his convictions, for we find him painting now in water colours, now in oils, devoting himself at one time to portraits, at another to landscape work, an engraver, an etcher, and a miniaturist. His religious experiences were not less varied. He was born and presumably baptised a member of the Established Church. At the age of twenty he joined the Baptist community, holding to the absolute necessity of complete immersion; his dislike to State control in matters spiritual, after having led him to make a Scotch marriage, brought him to contemplate adherence to Quakerism. This step, however, was never taken, but he formally joined the Plymouth Brethren, and finally dubbed himself a Bible Christian, and not without good reason, for he devoted himself with all seriousness to a critical study of both the Old and New Testaments. With all his peculiarities, his course in life was a smooth one, and he made many friends, occasionally losing one here and there who was unable to understand his brusque tongue and homely ways. He was a true friend to William Blake, and although he never submitted himself to the authority of "the Master," he recognised his powers and did much to keep him from want. The story of his rejection by the Royal Academy is temperately told in these volumes, and one is able

to get a glimpse of the motives which were at work to keep outside a painter who would support his theories of art by proof so convincing of their efficacy. The subsequent failure to purchase one of his pictures out of the funds of the Chantrey bequest is, perhaps, as little creditable to the body at Burlington House as was his previous exclusion from membership. Linnell's fame, however, requires no mystic letters to commend his works to posterity. It will live—especially in landscape—as long as English art holds a place in the world's esteem; and those who would wish to know more of his life, his struggles, his peculiarities, and his charms will find a pleasant record of them in these attractive volumes. In a future edition it is to be hoped that a few trifling errors will be corrected, and that the stern old Republican President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, will not be furnished up with an aldermanic knighthood. The title of "Father of English Water-Colour Painting" has been given to Paul Sandby, and by some even to William Taverner, but it has not, to our knowledge, ever been claimed by or assigned to John Varley. "St. Bevens, Ghent," "Erridge," and "Knoll" are obvious misprints, and Philip Dawe was Morland's biographer, not his pupil, although it is true he had been articled to George Morland's father, who is not usually referred to by his single surname.

L. G. R.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

A Biographical History of Guy's Hospital. By Samuel Wilks, M.D., LL.D., and G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc. (London: Ward, Lock, and Co.)—The "Biographical History of Guy's," by Dr. Wilks and the late Mr. Bettany, though addressed in the first instance to subscribers and to friends of the hospital, has a wider interest. All London is, or should be, interested in its hospitals, and all the world is interested in doctors; and here are stories galore about doctors. Guy's Hospital, it should be known, was founded in 1721 by Thomas Guy, commonly reputed to have been a miserly bachelor and an unscrupulous bookseller, who for the sins of his soul tried to compound with Heaven by building "a Spital for Incurables." That sordid legend Mr. Bettany has destroyed by exact research. He shows Thomas Guy to have been, indeed, a careful and prudent man, but distinguished among the common herd of business men rather by his generosity than by his miserliness. Guy made his large fortune not by the small profits and quick returns of publishing and bookselling, though he had a shrewd turn that way, but by the sweet simplicity of Government subscriptions on the South Sea Company. All that Mr. Bettany has set forth fully and attractively. But most readers will take far more delight in the short, but sufficient, biographies of the deceased physicians and surgeons of Guy's from the date of its foundation down to the present. There are no men more interesting than those who follow the most exacting and humane, the most generous and trusted of all professions, and here there is interest enough and to spare. There have been many distinguished doctors and admirable men connected with Guy's, but none more distinguished or more admirable than the recently deceased veteran surgeon, Mr. Edward Cock, a gentle and kindly soul, concerning whom the following delightful story is told. A patient who had to resign his post as gardener to Greenwich Hospital because of the disfigurement of his face by disease was taken pity on by Mr. Cock, who fitted him up with a new nose and spectacles, and took him on himself as gardener, though his only garden was a few square feet of ground in the rear of St. Thomas's Street. The plot contained a patch of grass with a small fountain, a narrow flower-bed or two, and a fig-tree with a bench under it against the house. Both doctor and patient took the garden seriously. Mr. Cock gave the man weekly wages, and fed him in his own house, and looked cheerfully on at his gardening from the shade of the fig-tree; and the gardener vigorously whetted his scythe and kept the grass-plot shaved as never grass was shaved before, obstinately sowed seeds in the beds which never came up, and then bought flowers out of his own pocket and stuck them in, to make the garden gay somehow. There is a Dickensian humour, with a touch of pathos, about this story that is significant of more than the surgeon's kindness and his patient's gratitude.

J. F. M.

SHAKESPEARE'S LAND.

Shakespeare's Land. (F. Glover, Leamington Spa). of which Mr. C. J. Ribton-Turner has written an attractive description, covers a wide extent of picturesque country, lending itself to numerous illustrations. The district is so full of attractions, dramatic, historical, and artistic, that it seems strange it should have remained hitherto inadequately described. Warwick and Kenilworth Castles have been treated by poets and painters as well as by novelists and guide-books, and Stoneleigh Abbey and Charlecote Hall are scarcely less well known; but few pilgrims to Stratford-on-Avon and its surroundings have probably made acquaintance with Compton Wynyates, a splendid specimen of a Tudor mansion, with Baddesley Clinton, a moated manor-house, or Maxstoke Castle and Priory, of far more remote antiquity. The churches, too, of South Warwickshire are, in many cases, of peculiar interest, and show an almost unbroken record of ecclesiastical architecture from the Saxon period at Wootton Warden down to the close of the sixteenth century, of which St. Michael's, Coventry, is perhaps one of the finest in all England. For art students, too, Warwickshire has many special attractions, the collections at Warwick Castle, Ragley Hall, Charlecote, Guy's Cliff, Weston Park, Stoneleigh, Wroxall, Arbury, and Bilton Hall all deserving a visit. To these, as well as to the picturesque beauties of the country where Shakspeare lived and whence he derived so much of his love of country life, Mr. Ribton-Turner is a competent guide, and in dedicating this volume to Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, he has paid a fitting tribute to our American cousins, who, with us, claim Shakspeare as their national poet.

R. G. L.



"BECKET" AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE SCENE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.
THE ROYAL PARTY AS SEEN FROM THE STAGE.

Sketched by special permission of Her Majesty.

ARGUMENT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF A BROWNIE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The belief in brownies has been shaken by the undermining forces of scepticism. To restore the brownie to his place in the nature of things appears an almost Quixotic effort of conservatism, but I do not despair of making the brownie seem extremely probable, as the man said about the mathematical proposition in an examination. Everyone, of course, knows what a brownie is. By his agency odd pieces of work were done in farm-houses. He usually resented the offer of rewards, and left the place when he was thus insulted. The brownie is Milton's lubber-fiend, but Milton does not write of him in a believing spirit. The earliest direct mention of brownies known to me in modern literature is that by John Major, or Mair, a Scotch scholar of about 1500-1550, familiar as the author of a "History of Greater Britain." Monkbarns, in "The Antiquary," calls him a pillar of falsehood, but that was said only in reference to the early, mythic part of our national annals. It is in his "Dissertation on the Gospel of St. Matthew" (in 1518) that Major speaks of brownies as jocular spirits who do odd jobs about a house, throw stones and other objects, and are apt to provoke curiosity rather than alarm. In his "Secret Commonwealth" (1691), the Rev. Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle, speaks of similar performances, especially the throwing of "huge stones," which alight softly. These he attributes to "the Subterranean Inhabitants" of his "Secret Commonwealth"—that is, to the fairies, "the Folk of Peace." But Mr. Kirk's theory was that all wraiths, ghosts, fairies, brownies, phantasms seen by second-sighted men, and so forth, are really only different manifestations of the *Sleagh Mair*, or "Good people," who, again, are an "abstruse" and airy counterpart of humanity. In Devonshire, I learn that within the memory of Devonian grand-sires rooms were "tidied" in the night time by pixies, a local term which includes both fairies and brownies. One would gladly hear more of the pixies—whether they, like Major's brownies, were occasionally "jocose" and "antic" as well as useful.

The point on which I rely to prove the existence of a brownie, or something very like one, is this mischievous element, the throwing of things about, the production of strange noises. Of all sprites the noisiest was Jeffrey, the Jacobite bogie, who haunted the home of the Wesleys. His freaks are very well known; they lasted for many years, and I know not that they have ever been explained. Now, in the "Proceedings" of the Psychical Society of July 1891 and February 1892 Mr. Frederick Myers offers two papers "On Alleged Movements of Objects, without Contact, Occurring not in the Presence of a Paid Medium." What occurs in the presence of a mercenary medium is, alas! neither here nor there as evidence. Of course, an unpaid medium, or a person who is not a medium at all, may, by imposture, cause objects to "dance in such a way" as puzzles and appals the uninitiated observer. There are good examples of such imposture, such false brownies, in Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft." But there are other cases which may be explicable in the same manner, but which offer circumstances of a curious character. Some of these Mr. Myers prints in the papers quoted. In the first instance, the house of a gentleman who teaches dumb pupils was suddenly harried by frantic peals rung on the bells, and by prodigious thumps and such noises as might be produced by a muffled wooden mallet. The boys, whom one naturally suspects first—for boys will be boys—were not the agents. The agent was clearly a young maid-servant, in her first place, who had not been long in the house. Now, a young girl in her first place is often homesick; she occasionally announces the death of a mother who is really in perfect health. Alarmed by the phenomena, this girl passed the night in a state of somnambulism and recited the whole of the Church service for the day, including four Psalms. The odd events never happened when she was away, except, perhaps, in one instance, when things were thrown about. In another case, a Mr. F—, who had been in perfect health, took a hand in an amateur séance. His chair was dragged away, he was "thrown down" several times, his watch and ring were tossed to the end of the room, an object was brought from his house, at a distance, and an unexplained noise was heard at the time in his house. His friends were "touched" in his absence, objects vanished, and the disturbances followed them to various places. Water was thrown over them at night, and so forth. Mr. F—'s health suffered very seriously. The jocose sprites were practical jokers.

Here be modern instances. For older ones compare Mather's "Remarkable Providences in New England," about 1680. Here we read of an unlucky man, living with his wife and son: the age of the son is not stated; he is called "the boy." It began with stones flying about the house. Then a chair jumped on the table at dinner and upset the food. Then a staff began to dance as if possessed; they put it in the fire, but could hardly hold it down.

When the man tried to write out an account of the events as they occurred his ink-bottle vanished and suddenly came in view again, his writing materials were upset; he was annoyed when in bed, just like the people in the Psychical Society's papers. Meanwhile, the boy was hurled about the room like the unlucky Mr. F—. He behaved in an odd, epileptic kind of way, worse

than the young maid-servant. His family were in despair, because the Puritans did not tolerate such proceedings, and the wife was in danger of being suspected as a witch. At last a sailor man, name unknown, came by. He said, "It is not the woman, it is the boy: leave me alone with him." So the boy was left with the sailor man, and whether he exhibited a rope's end or not, there was no more noise in that house. The brownies were exorcised. Mather gives many more cases, but in none, I think, is there a person who was troubled like the Bostonian boy, the somnambulist maid, and Mr. F—. In fact, some of the cases are manifest voluntary impostures.

The question is, Are all these things tricks, done by sane impostors, or somnambulist and unconscious humbugs, or are there really odd phenomena, not thus to be explained? Mr. Myers gives one amazing case, where no one person was, in any sense, the agent. But usually a child—generally a girl—is at the bottom of the trouble. Now, I argue that the brownie is only a variety, generally good-humoured, of these causes of abnormal phenomena. Our rude forefathers did not carefully examine the psychical and physical environment of the brownie. Had they done so, they would probably have found that there was an hysterical girl or an epileptic sort of boy in the house where the brownie took up his abode. It is all a question of language; we say "psychical manifestation," "automatic energy"; they said—"Brownie!" "Each generation takes its nonsense, as heralds say, with a difference," remarks Scott, apropos of "Magnetism." But the "nonsense" is always fundamentally the same, and that is the curious point.

TWO OLD PROGRAMMES.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Old bills—playbills, concert bills, and programmes generally—are, according to Elia, potent evolvers of the past. As we look at the unfaded characters on the tinged paper, ghostly images seem to rise out of them, taking shape like the cloudy figures out of the magician's brazen pot. Before me now are two of these bills associated with the closing days of Dickens's life: the first a little bill of a concert given by Dickens when he came to town in 1869, and had taken Mr. Milner Gibson's house, No. 5, Hyde Park Place, opposite the Marble Arch. He wished to give some entertainment to amuse his daughters. The night was Thursday evening, April 7, 1870, only some two months before his lamented death. It was a very brilliant reception, all the noise and bustle of such things mingling curiously with the usual clatter of the busy corner. I see the bright-glancing eyes of the genial host as he stood at the door cordially receiving the stream that poured up the stairs, his brisk, animated figure in constant motion. Some of the leading performers of the day had eagerly offered their services, destined to be a last and graceful tribute to the charm of his talent. Joachim had come, "King of inspired violinists"; Santley, then in his prime; and the eminent tenor of the time, W. H. Cummings, with Hallé—not yet Sir Charles. Here is the programme of the night—

5, Hyde Park Place, W.—Thursday Evening, April 7, 1870.		
MUSIC.		
Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley.		
Violin: Herr Joachim.		
Pianoforte: Lady Thomson and Mr. Charles Hallé.		
The London Glee and Madrigal Union (under the direction of M. Laud):		
Miss Jane Wells, Mr. Boxler, Mr. Coates, M. Laud, and Mr. Lawler.		
Accompanist: Mr. A. H. Thoulser.		
PROGRAMME.		
PART I.		
Madrigal Song	"Now is the Month of May" "I Dream of Thee" Mr. W. H. Cummings.	T. Morley, 1570. Smart.
Violin Solo	a. Barcarolle b. Abendlied	Sphor. Schumann.
Aria	Herr Joachim, accompanied by Lady Thomson. "O Lisbona" (Don Sebastian)	Donizetti.
Andante and Rondo Capriccioso	Mr. Santley. Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Glee	Mr. Charles Hallé. "By Celia's Arbour"	W. Horsley, M.B.
Song	The London Glee and Madrigal Union. "The mighty trees bend"	Schubert.
Madrigal	Miss Edith Wynne. "Who shall win my lady fair?"	Pearsall.
The London Glee and Madrigal Union.		
ICES.		
PART II.		
Glee	"When winds breathe soft" The London Glee and Madrigal Union.	Webbe.
Duet	"How sweet the Moonlight" Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. W. H. Cummings.	A. S. Sullivan.
Sonata	"Il trillo del Diavolo" For Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Herr Joachim and Lady Thomson.	Tartini.
Ballad	"The winds that wait my sighs to thee" Mr. Santley.	W. V. Wallace.
Solos	Pianoforte {a. Nocturne b. Valse }	Chopin.
Trio	Mr. Charles Hallé. "Te Sol te" (Attila)	Verdi.
Catch	Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. "Would you know my Celia's charms?"	S. Webbe.
The London Glee and Madrigal Union.		
Supper.		

These artists, it could be seen, discharged their duty with a kindly ardour and graciousness, as if wishing to set off the entertainment as much as possible for their host's sake. This feeling was notably conspicuous in the case of Joachim, then in great fame, and who was far more talked about than he is now. It was to be seen that this *empressment* gave the greatest pleasure to the host, who showed his gratitude by many attentions. The great violinist played his best. At intervals the glee and madrigal corps discoursed their rather solemn and classical charms, exciting—as such music usually does in a drawing-room—rather respect than enthusiasm.

All Dickens's friends were there—Wills and his lively wife and others, to say nothing of his own family and its many branches. It was altogether a brilliant and delightful night. But the figure on which the eye settles most was that of the engaging host, with his ever-brilliant and remarkable face—a little strained and worn, yet full of smiles and animation, fitting here, there, and everywhere, and attending to everybody. I see him thus passing a very attractive, demure little lady, recently married, who

in her half-shy way stopped him as he flitted by, and very prettily said, "Mr. Dickens, you have passed me constantly during the night and never spoken to me!" He gave a pleasantly dramatic start of horror. "Good gracious! Have I? Then let me make up for it at once, and let us go downstairs together to supper." And away she tripped, giving her husband a glance of pride.

At the supper-table he was in great spirits with this little dame, pulling crackers, &c., uttering his gay and quaint conceits. One of these toys, a green "surprise" fan of tissue paper, which he drew out of its case with assumed awe, is now before me, it and the bill aforesaid being the sole two faded memorials of the night.

That was his last act of hospitality, and in two short months the curtain had been rung down and the lights were out for ever. I like to think of that brilliant picture, which somehow—and not so remotely as somehow—recalled the lights and colouring of the party at the school which Paul Dombey witnessed.

Yet one more vision associated with these later days which floats back to me from another faded bill.

Just by the corner of Cromwell Road, South Kensington, and facing the Natural History Museum, there stands a great mansion of many windows—one of its sides displaying a row of windows. This was the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Freaque—later Sir Charles and Lady Freaque; and here was the reign for many years—say from 1865 to 1885—of agreeable private theatricals and concerts directed by the hostess with much taste and success. The long row of windows alluded to were those of the spacious theatre, designed specially, with its raised seats and well-appointed stage. A pleasant history might be written of the Cromwell House performances, in which figured many notable persons. Here used to play Brandram and Lady Monckton, and Sir Charles Young—who so curiously found success as a dramatist after years of struggle, but only on the eve of his death. Palgrave Simpson, the versatile and accomplished Miss Harriet Young, Spalding, Twiss, and many more were part of the established *corps dramatique*. So were George Grossmith, Beerbohm Tree, and Arthur Cecil. We have had a unique performance of Mr. Bernard's operetta of "Box and Cox," with Cecil and Grossmith playing, and Sir Arthur Sullivan directing the music. There has been also a good classical performance of "The Wife's Secret," handsomely mounted, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. But few that witnessed it will forget the fine spectacle of "The Tale of Troy," with its rare *appareil* of beautiful women—Grecian maids—set off by lovely scenery and fine music, to which all London came to feast its eyes and admire. That was a show not likely to be soon forgotten.

Looking back to the days of June 1870—a long stretch—I see an interesting performance that took place in this theatre. The memories of the old amateur plays got up by Dickens were still fresh, notably that of "The Frozen Deep," in which his family had taken part. His two interesting daughters, Miss Mamie Dickens and Mrs. Charles Collins, had a pleasing talent in this way, which was carefully directed or inspired by their father, and it was known that they were to contribute on this special night at Cromwell House.

In these closing days the amiable writer, as is well known, was sadly worn and jaded, the effect, no doubt, of his disastrous American expedition. I recollect calling on him about this time, and being struck by his air of pain and worry, and the "strained" look in his fine forehead. I ventured to ask him to come to some private theatricals I was planning, but he spoke wearily and piteously of the burden of parties and engagements, but good-naturedly said he would try to "drop in" if he could. I recall his spare, nervous figure and the small, delicately shaped hands. He was longing to find himself in the country again at his much loved Gadshill. Then his airy nature asserted itself, and he began to talk of the stage, particularly of his friend Regnier, the actor, whose acting he praised in "Les Vieux Garçons," though, he added, "He ought to act it well, for he will soon be an old boy himself."

The night of the performance came round, and a brilliant company assembled. Here is the bill—

Cromwell House.—Thursday, June 2, 1870.		
A HAPPY PAIR.		
Characters.		
Mr. Honeyton	Mr. Augustus Spalding.	
Mrs. Honeyton	Miss Harriet Young.	
THE PRIMA DONNA.		
Characters.		
Dr. Holbein	Mr. Hastings Hughes.	
Eric	Mr. Crawford Grove.	
Rouble	Mr. Herman Merivale.	
Stella	Miss Dickens.	
Alice	Mrs. Charles Collins.	
LE MYOSOTIS.		
Bouffonnerie.		
Corbillion (Empailleur)	Mr. Harold Power.	
Schweitzberg (Violoncellist)	Mr. Alfred Thompson.	

It will be seen our old, well-worn friend "A Happy Pair" opened the night, in which Miss Young exhibited all her vivacity. Dickens had carefully trained his daughters in their characters and superintended the rehearsals, and they performed them admirably, as might be expected. But the piece was a somewhat dull one, and I think something more effective might have been selected.

At one time Dickens actually thought of getting up the old Adelphi drama, "The Wreck Ashore," and had a dim notion of himself taking a part. But it was only a dim notion.

I recall the beautiful scenery of "The Prima Donna," designed by the hostess herself. The French buffoonery which closed the night was remarkable for the share taken in it by Mr. Alfred Thompson, who, later, made a name as a burlesque writer, and was, further, one of the first who scientifically, as it were, designed costumes for the stage. He has since gone to America.

I think I may have had one glimpse of Dickens that night, but he kept himself secluded and shrouded from observation. After the play was over, as I have been assured by our hostess, he could not for a few moments be found, and was discovered by his son-in-law behind the scenes, seated in a corner in a dreamy state and abstracted. He thought, he said, he was at home. He was wearied; yet he insisted on returning that night to Gadshill, and, I believe, did so. That was Thursday, June 2, and on the Wednesday following he was dead.

HOW THE OLD ACTORS DRESSED "SHAKSPEARE." IV.

There is nothing more significant of the utter neglect of all consideration for correct costume in the time of David Garrick than the almost absolute silence of the "Garrick Correspondence" on the subject. In these two large quarto volumes, containing some thirteen hundred pages altogether, in which we read of all manner of things pertaining to the stage and the players, one subject is conspicuously absent—costume. In all the criticisms of the time, and they are neither few in number nor small in bulk, scarcely any remark is made as to the dressing of the characters; and if we do get an occasional light on the subject, it is from some passing remark in another connection altogether; for critics in those days, apparently, did not consider the dressing of a play of the slightest importance. To them, truly, the play was "the thing." Yet it is strange that Garrick, who was so radical a reformer in stage speech and action, should not have given more attention to the reformation of stage costume. Some small improvements he did effect—for instance, he is credited with the abolition of the towering plume of feathers which had previously adorned heroes' heads—but he left the question practically where he found it. Why he made no move in this direction is very plausibly explained by the son of Munden in the biography which he wrote of his father. Young Munden states that Garrick had frequently considered the question of reforming stage costume, but that his well-known prudence led him to decline the task. He knew that the public did not demand a change, and were satisfied without it; and he



GARRICK AS MACBETH.

From Bell's "Shakspeare."

was afraid of encouraging a taste which might prove in the end too exacting. "He did not think it necessary," says Munden, "to sacrifice his hard-earned competency to gratify a fastidious appetite for secondary objects." These statements, which rest on the authority of Austin, an actor who knew Garrick intimately and was his factotum in the affairs of the theatre, seem to me to be worthy of all belief, and no doubt explain Garrick's neglect in this matter.

In Garrick's generation, then, we see the same principle carried out which had ruled the stage from the time of Shakspeare. But, as we get further away from the era of doublet and hose, the incongruity of the costume becomes even more striking. In the time of good Queen Bess the anachronisms were not so startling, for, after all, though doublet and hose had changed their fashion considerably since the days of Henry IV., there was no material alteration in the style of dress; whereas, when doublet and hose went out and knee-breeches and skirted coats came in, the change was fundamental.

Of Garrick's costumes we have numerous representations. Hogarth, in the illustration which we reproduce, shows us how he looked as Richard III., in the "Tent scene." It



GARRICK AS RICHARD III.

From Hogarth's picture.

will be seen that he wears a costume not too strictly historical, consisting of slashed doublet and trunks, long hose, an ermine cloak, and a ruff—this last a fashion which was not invented till many years after the Crookback slept on Bosworth field. Another print of him in the same character shows that his head-gear, probably in the earlier scenes, was a three-cornered cocked-hat, adorned with five large ostrich-feathers; while Dance's well-known picture of Richard in the battle-scene represents him in the same style of dress as Hogarth drew, with the addition of a breastplate and pair of jack-boots. It is worthy of note that these prints concur in showing that a periwig was not worn in this character. An anecdote which is related of Garrick's costume in Richard shows how complete was the neglect of costume everywhere at this time. It is said that the dress in which he first played the part at Goodman's Fields fell ultimately into the hands of one Carr, a strolling manager, who always acted in it, no matter what character he was supposed to represent.

The second character in which we show the English Roscius is Macbeth; and we have reproduced the cut from Bell's "Shakspeare" (1775) representing Macbeth uttering "I have done the deed! Did'st thou not hear a noise?" It shows him dressed in a suit of scarlet-and-gold regimentals of Garrick's day. After the ambitious thane became King, Garrick wore, says Lee Lewes, "a wig as large as any now worn by the gravest of our barons of the Exchequer." In our print he does not wear the regal head-dress, but his wig is sufficiently striking, being apparently dishevelled and teased out to do justice to the

after contrast, is the uxorious old husband in the comedy of "The Old Bachelor," and to suggest a resemblance between Lear and Fondlewife is as though we were to say that Mr. Irving might play King Lear in the same costume as was worn by Mr. John Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles."

Our other illustration represents Garrick as Romeo, and the Italian lover wears the walking-dress of an English gentleman of the middle of the eighteenth century. This print is particularly interesting as showing how



GARRICK AS KING LEAR.

From R. Sayer's drawing.

murderer's agitation. I suppose it must have been to this scene that the author of "The Actor" refers when he says, "Mr. Garrick, on his first night of Macbeth, came on in one scene with his cloaths unbuttoned, and he was right; they advised him ill who were the occasion of his quitting it afterwards." Another print shows Benedick about to conceal himself in the arbour to overhear the fable of Beatrice's love for him. Benedick, "a young gentleman of Padua," wears a costume in which Mr. Garrick might have walked in the Mall before coming to the theatre. King Lear is the third character which we illustrate. This old monarch, whose period Mr. Irving places soon after the Romans had left Britain, was dressed by Garrick in a sort of nondescript eighteenth-century costume. There is an excellent, though quite unconscious, criticism on this dress given by the author of "The Actor" in the following passage: "When we see the little, old, white-haired man enter, with spindle-shanks, a tottering gait, and great shoes upon the little feet, we fancy a Gomez or a Fondlewife; but when he speaks we find him every inch a king." Now, Fondlewife, to take the

the "Tomb scene" was put on the stage at that time. I do not know any print of Garrick as Othello, which was not one of his great parts; but he must have dressed the Moor in a Venetian costume, for Quin's sarcasm at his expense would have been pointless had he been dressed in an English military uniform, as was the practice. Quin, it will be remembered, went to witness Garrick's first appearance as Othello; and as soon as he made his entrance Quin growled to Dr. Hoadley, who was beside him, "Why does not he bring the tea-kettle and lamp?" the allusion being obviously to the little negro pages who were the favourite attendants on ladies, and who wore a sort of Venetian costume. The only other Shaksperian character in connection with which I can recall any particulars of Garrick's costumes is Hotspur, whom he dressed in a "laced frock and a Ramilies wig." This style of apparel was objected to, as Mr. Dutton Cook remarked, "not for the good reason that it was inappropriate, but on the strange ground that it was too insignificant for the character."

ROBERT W. LOWE.



GARRICK AND MRS. BELLAMY AS ROMEO AND JULIET.

After the picture by B. Wilson.

RABBIT-DRIVING
IN CALIFORNIA.

Australia is not the only country that is cursed with a plague of rabbits. The evil that exists there is, however, one of man's own infliction, the common European species of rabbit having been introduced and set at liberty by some foolish colonists. The damage done to the crops of Australia by this senseless act may be reckoned by millions of pounds sterling, and is, perhaps, the most terrible example of ill-considered acclimatisation that exists, and one which has hitherto been found impossible to deal with. In America the wild rabbits are of distinct species from those of Europe—more closely resembling hares but they have in many instances a great degree of prolificacy, and become an intolerable nuisance in the cultivated districts, so much so that extraordinary measures are taken for the reduction of their numbers, which are more efficacious in America than they can be in Australia, dependent on the fact that the American species do not burrow underground, so that they can be driven in any direction by a cordon of men, provided the latter are sufficiently numerous. Advantage is taken of this circumstance: corrals or enclosures with wide open mouths are erected, and a cordon of men, soldiers or civilians, being formed, enclosing a large tract of country, the rabbits are driven towards the mouth of the corral into the enclosure, which is then closed.

I am indebted to Messrs. Stiffler and Co., of Fresno, a

city situated between Sierra del Monte Diablo and the Nevada Range, California, for a series of photographs showing these operations, which took place when the Grand Army of the Republic was assembled for exercise at Fresno in March last. On the termination of the exercises a rabbit-drive was organised which was one of the most successful ever held in California. The cordon was constituted of more than five thousand people, who gradually approached the mouth

of the corral, driving before them over twenty thousand rabbits. This cordon was nearly four miles long, and was not only composed of men and women, but included over a thousand buggies and carriages. As the cavalcade drew near the mouth of the corral, a cloud of dust showed the position of the army of flying rabbits retreating before the people. When these were all driven into the enclosure the entrance was closed, and the doomed rodents were then knocked on the head by men armed with clubs.

The second Engraving, which is accurately drawn from the photograph, shows the result of the day's work—the rabbits lying everywhere, not merely singly upon the ground, but in many instances piled upon one another to two feet or more in depth, hundreds being suspended on the palings constituting the corral.

It is unfortunate that the English species (*Lepus cuniculus*) now common in Australia, cannot be extirpated in a similar manner, but its habit of running into its burrows in the ground entirely prevents its being driven into corrals, as is adopted with the jack-rabbit (*Lepus Californicus*) of Western America.

The name jack-rabbit or jack-hare is applied in the States to more than one species; it is a corruption of the term jackass hare or jackass rabbit, given to the animals in consequence of the great length of their ears.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.



DRIVING JACK-RABBITS INTO A CORRAL, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.



RESULT OF A DAY'S RABBIT-DRIVE, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.



GOLD FISH.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The bluebottle fly is, to say the least of it, an apparently useless being, apart from the annoyance it causes us in more ways than one. True, it is absurd for us to gauge the life of lower animals solely in relation to human interests, for tigers and snakes are not desirable things, but they are facts of existence none the less, and each living thing really "fights for its own hand." If its fight is successful it survives; if unsuccessful, it succumbs, and its place knows it no more. This is the whole philosophy of biology in a nutshell, and it is a mode of thought which should warn us against regarding the world of life as solely meant to minister to ourselves. The bluebottle fly, it might be shown, however, discharges a not unimportant duty as a natural scavenger. Its larvae, or "maggots," must devour huge quantities of putrefying and decaying matter, and must therefore remove from the earth's surface much material offensive, if not disease-producing, in its tendencies.

But, it seems, a new indictment has to be added to the list of offences or annoyances with which both the housefly and its bluebottle neighbour are credited and charged. They now appear as carriers of disease germs. This fact has long been known of the housefly, and little wonder that it does become a microbe-carrier, considering that it pokes its nose into anything and everything. The germs of tubercle, for instance, have been experimentally found to be capable of conveyance by flies; and I remember reading an account of investigations made some years ago, in which the possibility of the eggs of parasites being conveyed by flies was demonstrated. Now that we are promised a repetition of the cholera when the warm weather sets in, it is not cheering, I admit, to find the idea of flies serving to carry the microbes of that disease being revived once more. Flies fed on cholera matter have been shown to contain the cholera germs, or, at least, what are believed to be the microbes causing the disease. They do not themselves appear to be affected in the least by the presence of the germs, but cultivations of the microbes are readily enough obtained from the contents of the flies' digestive systems. Forewarned is forearmed, and the *papier-mouche* should therefore be provided against the advent of the warm weather, when fly-hunting begins.

"Is insanity increasing?" is a question of very grave import, and one raised more or less continually by the publication of the reports of specialists in lunacy and by the cogitations of M.P.'s and others who make statistics a special study. Lately, I read the annual report of my friend Dr. Clouston, Physician Superintendent of the Edinburgh Royal Asylum for the Insane, and I confess to a feeling not exactly of astonishment, but of alarm, at the prospect, apparently more than real, of our advancing civilisation being associated with weakness of the brain. Of course, I am aware that when one says that insanity is on the increase such a broad statement requires dissection, if only for the plain reasons that the question itself is many-sided, and that it is obviously impossible to admit that insanity is spreading unless we take cognisance of circumstances which tend, for example, to favour greater attention being paid (of late years) to insanity, and, therefore, to the investigation and treatment of cases which before may have been neglected or overlooked. In Scotland Dr. Clouston says there is one pauper insane person to every 392 of the population. This is an increase, seen in ten years, of 11 per cent., when the population was 1 to 435. The figures for England are 1 to 335; ten years ago they were 1 to 347, an increase of 3.3 per cent.

In Ireland, with a long attention to the insane, the proportion is 1 to 280; ten years ago it was 1 to 371; showing an increase to-day of 32.5 per cent. Dr. Clouston, however, tells us that as regards non-pauper lunatics, the numbers for Scotland remain much as they were in 1876. What are the causes of this great difference? or why, as Dr. Clouston puts it, should the increase of insanity appear only in those who are treated at the public expense? Is it that emigration (as he suggests) depletes the country of its best blood, and leaves a large proportion of weaklings who give way under the increasing stress of modern life and work? Personally, I do not doubt that, as it is "the pace that kills," and as it is worry and not work which weakens a man's mental powers, our fevered life is largely responsible for whatever increase in insanity can be proved to be represented. Why should we go beyond the plain fact that we live too fast—itsself an undeniable fact—for an explanation of brain-stress and brain-failure? High civilisation surely is not an unmixed blessing; contrariwise, it has many disadvantages, in its rush and roar, over the simple life to which, as things are, most of us, alas! are strangers to-day.

The voluminous work on "The Great Sea-Serpent," by Dr. A. C. Oudemans, of the Hague Zoological Gardens, has at last appeared. It is a big book of nearly six hundred pages, and deals in a fairly exhaustive manner with the history of "the great unknown." Evidently, Dr. Oudemans has been at great trouble and pains to collate instances of the reported appearance of the sea-serpent, and in this connection he is good enough to refer many times in the course of his volume to my humble self. In days gone by I paid a good deal of attention to the stories of "sea-serpents," and came to the conclusion that there remained, beyond all the myths and fictions, a solid balance of fact which had to be accounted for by zoologists. Dr. Oudemans thinks the "sea-serpent" belongs to the seal order. He has even gone the length of calling it scientifically the *Megophias megophias*. This is superfluous, surely, until Dr. Oudemans first catches his hare on Mrs. Glasse's well-known principle. For myself, I believe no one animal can possibly figure as the "sea-serpent." Sometimes it is a flight of birds; sometimes it is a floating log of wood; then it is a shoal of porpoises; next, it is a big cuttle-fish or a tape-fish. My own opinion is, that a largely developed sea-snake (in appropriate localities) and a big cuttle-fish, well known to science, are the two forms which most frequently pose as the "sea-serpent" of fame. As for Dr. Oudemans' seal theory, there is so much drawing on "what might be" involved in its acceptance that I must discard it altogether.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E B SCHWANN (Wimbledon).—Duly received this time, and shall be examined.

AMATEUR (Havana).—Thanks for your interesting communication. The opinion you express about relative merits is scarcely endorsed in this country.

ARTHUR WALKER.—You have tried twice; now once again.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2546 received from J M Dennett (San José); of No. 2547 from R Syer (San José) and J M Dennett; of No. 2548 from F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.), J M Dennett, and R Syer; of No. 2549 from F A Holloway and J Ross; of No. 2550 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), J W Shaw (Montreal), and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2551 from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Dr F St, J Ross (Alexandria), and James Clark; of No. 2552 from A W Hamilton-Gell, Anglim, G Grier (Hednesford), C T Fisher, Vi (Turkey), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2553 received from J D Tucker (Leeds), J Coad, Dr F St, Dawn, Bluet, A Newman, R Worters (Canterbury), E Bygott (Sandbach), Charles Burnett, Shadforth, Anglim, J Christie, F J Knight, E Loudon, C E Perugini, Alpha, J A L Barker, C M A B, William Guy (Johnstone), A H B, Martin F, Alfred Castellain, jun. (Bath), W P Hind, E E H, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T G (Ware), G Joicey, M Burke, R H Brooks, H B Hurford, G A Dierke (Blackwater), Sorrento (Dawlish), A S Horrex (Peterborough), H S Brandreth, E Emmerton, Fusilier, Joseph Willecock (Chester), W R Baillem, T Roberts, W Wright, Victorino Aoz y del Frago, J Dixon, and F Hopkinson.

This problem can also be solved by Q to Q sq, followed by Kt to Kt sq, discovering check, &c.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2552.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

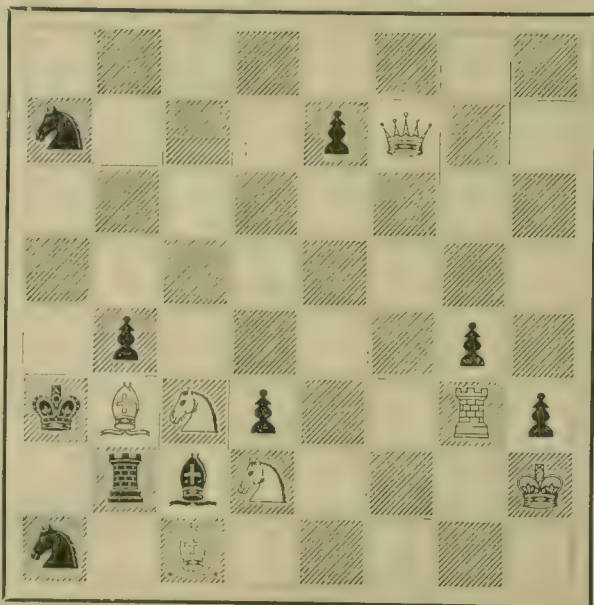
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B sq K to B 4th
2. Q to B 4th K takes Kt
3. Q to Q 6th, Mate

If Black play 1. K to K 4th, 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch); if 1. Kt (Q 8th) to B 7th or B 6th, 2. Q to B 2nd (ch); and if 1. Any move, then 2. Q to B 4th (ch), K to B 4th; 3. Kt to Q 7th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2555.

By B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between the Rev. J. OWEN (Hootan) and Mr. R. K. LEATHER (Teignmouth).

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. O.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
5. P to B 3rd B to B 4th
6. Castles P to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th P takes P
8. P takes P B to Kt 3rd
9. P to Q 5th Kt to R 4th
10. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K 2nd
11. B to K 2nd Castles
12. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd
P to Q B 4th should have been played to allow a retreat for the Bishop.
13. Kt to Q R 4th P to Q B 4th
14. Kt takes B Q takes Kt
15. Q to Q 2nd Q to Q sq
White now threatened to win a piece by B to B 3rd, so it is imperative that the Queen be moved; but B 2nd is a far better position than the one chosen.
16. Q to B 3rd P to B 3rd
17. P to K Kt 3rd B to Q 2nd
A bad square for the Bishop. The weakness of Black's fifteenth move is apparent throughout the game. Perhaps Q to B 2nd is still best, to be followed by B to Kt 5th or B 6th, according to White's play.
18. Kt to Kt 5th
A move of doubtful merit. Its success is its best recommendation.
19. P to B 4th R to K sq
R to K 2nd
R to K 2nd

WHITE (Mr. O.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
20. Kt to K 6th
This move must now be made or the weakness of the Knight's previous play acknowledged, and, although it obtains a strong passed Pawn it also liberates the opposing Knight. With his powerful Pawns on the Q side it is doubtful if Black has any the worst of the game.
21. P takes B B takes Kt
22. P to B 5th Kt to B sq
23. P takes B Kt takes P
24. Q R to Q sq R takes P
25. B to B 3rd R to K 2nd
26. B to Q 5th (ch) K to B sq
He cannot go to R sq, for R takes P would win.
27. Q to Q 3rd K to K sq
28. B to Kt 8th P to K R 3rd
29. R to B 2nd R to Q B sq
Another and last opportunity of bringing the Kt into play. It has been practically a lost piece throughout the game.
30. Q to Kt 5th (ch) K to B sq
31. B to Q 5th Q to B 2nd
32. B takes P
This wins easily. The ending is well played by White.
33. R takes P (ch) P takes R
34. R to B sq, and wins

CHESS IN MAIDSTONE.

One of seventeen games played simultaneously by Mr. TINSLEY.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Tinsley.) BLACK (Mr. Hughes.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P takes P
It is of no use taking a Pawn except with the object of retaining it. Here it is impossible to do so; hence P to K 3rd is best.
3. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd
4. B takes P Kt to K B 3rd
5. Q Kt to B 3rd P to Q B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd B to K 2nd
7. Castles P to Q Kt 4th
8. B to Q 3rd B to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to K 5th Castles
10. P to K B 4th P to B 4th
11. Kt takes P P takes P
12. Kt takes Q P Q to Q 4th
13. R to B 2nd Kt to K 5th
The Pawn is regained, but the defences are weakened by the exchange.
17. P takes B Q takes P
18. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
19. B to Kt 2nd Q to K 5th
20. Kt takes P
A move which must have surprised Black. Of course, if P takes Kt, R takes P (ch) and wins. In any case, all is over.
21. Q takes Kt P to Kt 3rd
22. Q to Q 4th B to B sq
23. Kt takes Q and wins.

The announcement is confirmed that Mr. Lasker is about to retire from professional chess and resume his studies in mathematics. Although we are glad, for his own sake, the serious duties of life have thus proved superior attractiveness to him, the brilliancy of his play and the promise of greater things to come cause a sense of loss which those will feel most who can best appreciate the qualities that marked his play.

Schach-Jahrbuch für 1892-93.—The prospectus is issued of this German year-book of chess, edited by Herr Berger. Secretaries of club are invited to send full particulars to Professor Berger, Brokmangasse, 41, Graz, Austria.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Among the new dress materials the most original are of the ribbed order. There is a new cloth the character of which is expressed in its name of "whipcord," a fine diagonal line being set close on a ground that is sometimes shot with a different colour from the surface and is sometimes plain. A shot effect is one of the chief points of the new materials; stuffs of every description are found to present a different tone when seen in varying lights, and in dressy materials there are often shades as many and brilliant as in the slanting sunbeam that falls through a cathedral window and makes a parti-coloured patch on the pave. Silks and velvets especially are thus many-hued. Some of the velvets have almost inconceivable differences in shots. The prevailing tint, the one that, so to speak, looks straight at you, will be, perhaps, a dark red; step to one side a little, and, behold! it is bright green; and then to the other side, and a brilliant blue peeps forth. Violet, green, and pink may appear in another specimen; and old gold, claret, and green in a third variety.

Materials such as this, however, cannot but be somewhat striking in wear, and hence are only suitable for use as prominent parts of the smartest visiting frocks, and in limited quantity as garniture even upon those. It cannot be too carefully borne in mind that any extremely startling feature in costume is not suitable for ordinary occasions, and that to don such for walking, even in the Park, is to flaunt forth a sign of being a vulgar person. Sleeve top puffs, revers, and narrow bands on the skirt of such a shot velvet, applied to a plain and comparatively quiet surface, will not be too much for a smart frock. The cloths and soft silks that are shot themselves, as so many are, must be trimmed with some simpler decoration than another shot material. Plain velvet, or such an excellent substitute for it as the best quality "My Queen Vel-Vel," is in place here, for velvet in some part of a dress is very frequently used just now.

I must say that no art in the selection or putting on of trimming reconciles me to the skirts being trimmed round like barrels. It is ungraceful in the extreme, and seems quite sad after we have had for so long the advantage of moderately flowing draperies following the outline of the figure. However, as a faithful reporter of the hour, I must say that here those skirts are, and that it is unwise to have a new dress trimmed otherwise, for this novelty has come to stay for some time. The trimming always must go all round the skirt; to allow it to end, as trimmings have done for some time, at the place where the fullness of the back of the skirt begins, is now fatal to the modish new look. The trimming is generally put on in this fashion: there are three bands of it, about three inches apart, round the foot, then a plain space of eight or nine inches, and then the bands repeated; and another interval and a third series of three bands of trimming. This brings the hoop-like decoration up to above the knees.

The material of the trimming may be most various, but undoubtedly the palm of popularity is awarded to black satin on all stuffs with which it can be brought to harmonise. It is cut on the cross, and folded into flat bands, and then invisibly stitched on. All manner of braids, passementeries of cord and gimp, jet bands, and the like, are prepared for similar use; but I have seen the bias folds of velvet on materials as different as a brown "whipcord," a fawn crêpon, and a black velvet dowager-like carriage dress (all three the very full skirts, of course) shown to me in direct succession at a first-class house.

I am not sure, though, that people who want to be well in advance of the fashion in their new dresses (and this must be the aim of every woman who has not endlessly fresh frocks) will do best by adopting this flat trimming on a plain skirt; for flounces are newer still, and being a little more difficult to arrange will probably not so rapidly become common as so simple a decoration as the hoop of flat garniture must do. A rather deep flounce round the bottom of one dress was piped at the top; the dress was of willow-green crêpon and the flounce of shot red and green glacé silk; its piped heading was lightly overhung by a flounce, about seven inches wide, of black lace. The same silk, partially draped by lace, formed a frill that decorated the bodice in this case; but often this is not thought needful, the skirt trimming not being in any way reproduced on the bodice. Another gown, of mauve corded cloth, had a set of three flounces, the top one coming midway between waist and knees, but each only some eight inches in width, so that it will be perceived there was a space of dress showing between them. The flounces were of the same cloth, but each was headed by a piping of purple velvet, and the junction of this and the gatherings of the flounce was concealed by a narrow line of steel trimming. This dress was very smart, if a little showy from the lightness of the colours.

You will guess by my concentrating my descriptive powers in this fashion on the skirts that it is there that the novelty of the new styles is found; and such is the case. The chief features of the bodices are those with which we are already familiar—the shortness at the waist, and the band or Empire belt there; then the huge sleeves, the frills over the shoulders further to emphasise the width; or the immense revers that stand out so as almost to cover the sleeves from the front—these we have had come to us gradually during the later winter, and they remain; no great change need be expected. One useful and practical style—the loose open coat, under which a waistcoat or a blouse, according to taste, can be worn—is to remain fashionable. This is good news, for nothing can be more comfortable for general wear—for "knockabout" dress. It is an admirable costume for any kind of exercise, from walking to rowing; and for travelling it is ideal, allowing a thicker coat or cloak to be worn over when the air is chilly, and yet being complete in itself if the outer wrap is removed when the sun is high; while it is capable of being turned from a dressy to a plainer costume by the mere alteration of the under-blouse or vest. Vests are made this spring in a variety of materials, a special favourite being corduroy velvet; a pretty variety of this is dotted along the lines with silk spots. Tweed and Tattersall cashmere are also used for vests, and washing materials as well as silk for the blouses that do equally well under the open coats.

ART NOTES.

The Royal Society of British Artists, which has reached the critical age of three-score and ten, bears witness to the truth of the Psalmist's saying. The occasional promises of renewed vigour which from time to time it has given are seldom long-sustained, and what is more fatal to its success is the unstableness of its principles. Its real chance of prosperity is in pure and unadulterated Philistinism, in holding up a standard of mere technical dexterity, and in avoiding the pitfalls of imagination and of the New English Art. Unfortunately, those who have reached a certain eminence in the first quality—like Mr. Yeend King—seem careless of its use. For instance, his most important work, "A Devonshire Stream" (130), could only have been painted in a studio, or he would not have floundered into that impossible light by which the tops of his trees are left in shadow, while half-way down the sunlight falls upon them from no conceivable spot. Mr. R. W. Rouse, who is an indefatigable worker, comes nearer to nature in his half-dozen landscapes, of which "Pasture Land" (311) and "The Coming Storm" (242) are two of the best. Mr. Sherwood Hunter also shows some extremely clever brush-work in the painting of the tiles of the Alcazar of Seville (234) and in another more sober-coloured treatment of its delicately traced Moorish arches. The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, is also seen at his best in the "Certosa di Pavia" (8), where he has produced a really brilliant result from a very limited palette. Mr. Douglas Almond's "Finishing Touch" (72), an old bean in a dove-coloured coat arranging his *jabot*, is quite a gem, both of colour and careful work. Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Summer Evening" (139) and Mr. A. Priestmann's "Evening near Christchurch" (149) are both good works, but the latter is too obviously an imitation of Heffner's trick. Mr. H. Harwood's "Blow Autumn" (133), Mr. W. Montagu Smyth's "Shades of Evening" (172), and Mr. G. C. Kerr's "Cornish Waters" (313) are very good works which stand out from their surroundings. Of those who have tried the more difficult problems, Mr. Arthur Rylo in "Summer Days" (322) and Mr. Harry Goodwin in his "Jungfrau Veiled" (353) and the absolutely unpaintable view from the Righi are the most successful; while it is difficult to understand on what grounds, whether of painting, draughtsmanship, or imagination, Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's two works have found a place on the walls—unless it be to raise the finger of scorn against the puerilities of New English Art.

The Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland lose little of their attractions when seen through Mr. Joseph Farquharson's eye and depicted by his brush. Some seventy oil pictures now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery bear testimony to his steady devotion to his art and to his country; and, although his work is of a kind which shows to less advantage when compared with itself, it is as little monotonous as the country it depicts. Mr. Farquharson has found themes at many places between Dunbar and Dochart; and, although the Trossachs, Ayrshire, and Maddingtonshire afford him

several excellent subjects, one cannot but feel that it is Deeside which gives him his best inspirations. His great merit among contemporary oil painters is that he is almost, if not quite, the only artist who has any real appreciation of the lights and shadows, of the tones and tints, of a wide expanse of snow. His treatment of this aspect of nature differs essentially from that of English and German artists—the French, as a rule, avoiding the difficulties presented by this element. In many of his studies of atmosphere, and especially in his distances, Mr. Farquharson shows a very high sense of truth, and his work is especially noteworthy for its moderation and self-restraint even in the treatment of subjects where a slight exuberance of fancy might have been permissible.

Mr. T. G. Appleton has already acquired so high a place among modern mezzotintists that it is needless to refer specially to his method of work. He is distinctly a colourist—knowing how to produce in light and shadow those fine gradations of tone which mark the most delicate work of the mezzotints of Green, Ward, and other masters of the last century. The latest specimens of Mr. Appleton's work are "The Sisters," after Gainsborough, and the beautiful "Miss Clements," after Romney. The originals of the former were the two daughters of "Billy Ramus," page to George III., who afterwards became Lady Day and the Baroness de Noailles. They were painted in 1772, and were then described as "Two Young Ladies," and were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and they would certainly not have been had they been painted three years later, for from 1773 to 1776 Gainsborough boudé that institution. It is probable, therefore, that the group was painted at Bath; where the artist made a rich harvest before coming to London in 1774. The other portrait—that of Catharine Clements—represents a seated lady in a white dress, with a high-crowned Gainsborough hat, and must have been painted by Romney when that master's influence was strong upon him. The lovely Miss Beresford, who afterwards became Mrs. Clements, was one of the noted beauties of the viceregal Court, and added to the frequent beauty seen among her fellow-countrywomen the grace and vivacity which she inherited from her French mother. Romney was seldom more happily inspired than on this occasion, and Mr. Appleton has done well to make the beautiful picture better known. Messrs. Reynolds (St. James's Street) are the publishers of both works.

The "mere man" is having a bad time just now. It is unnecessary to refer to his position in the present or to his prospects in the future, but it seems, if we may trust the latest authorities, that if we go back far enough he was quite as subordinate in the past as he should have been. Art and archaeology—speaking through Dr. Waldstein, Dr. Karl Tümpel, and others—now unite in showing that before the days of Zeus ("Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum," as we were once taught *not* to say) there was a period of gynæocracy presided over by the goddess Hera. Omphale, Hera, Hebe may have been one and the same, and the Heraion, the woman-temple without the man-god, the wife to whom the husband was subordinate, was not an

isolated evidence of this cult. It is true that in the days of Pericles matters had taken a turn, and men were beginning to assert themselves a little both as gods and heroes; but doubtless the vindicators of the sex will argue that this was only the beginning of the Dark Ages which were to last until the present century had run its course.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS OF THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from London and the seaside will, as usual, extend over the Easter holidays. The availability of the special cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday, also the Saturday and Sunday to Monday tickets to the seaside will be extended to Tuesday and Wednesday, April 4 and 5.

Special Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Thursday, March 30, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 29 to April 4 inclusive.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards and Hastings.

Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday and following days.

On Saturday and Sunday, April 1 and 2, special cheap return tickets to Brighton will be issued from London, available to return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

On Easter Monday special cheap excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.

On Easter Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 29 and 30, and April 1, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and 18, Westbourne Grove; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

Show Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

beg to intimate that they have purchased the Goodwill, the whole of the Machinery, Dies, Plant, and Book-Debts, of the **GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED** (late A. B. SAVORY & SONS), of 11 and 12, Cornhill, and that the business will in future be incorporated with and known as the Manufacturing **GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY**, and transferred to their Show Rooms, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The **COMPANY** would direct attention to the annexed letter of the Managing Director of the **GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED**, Sir JOSEPH SAVORY, Bart, M.P., and invite the favour of a visit to their Show Rooms, and an inspection of the Stock, which is admitted to be the finest in Europe.


"11 and 12, Cornhill,
"March 25, 1893.

"We have much pleasure in intimating that we have disposed of the Plant, Machinery, Book-Debts, and Goodwill of our old-established firm to the Manufacturing **GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY**, 112, Regent Street, W. We have every confidence in asking you to transfer your custom to them, as our knowledge of their system of conducting their business, and their great success, enables us to assure you that you will receive every satisfaction in any dealings you may have with them.

"(Signed) **GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Limited.**
"J. SAVORY."

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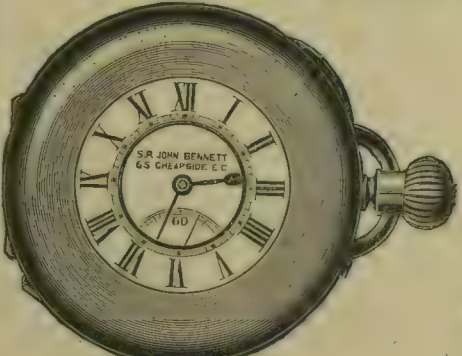
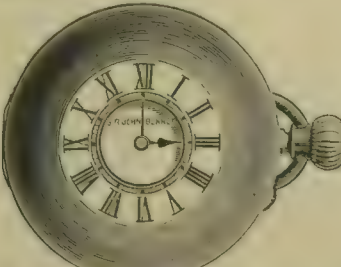
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OBITUARY.

SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE, BART.

Sir Howard Elphinstone, of Sowerby, in the county of Cumberland, M.A., D.C.L., second baronet, died on March 16. He was born June 9, 1804, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1829. He was afterwards incorporated at Merton College, Oxford, and graduated D.C.L. in 1839. He was admitted an advocate at Doctors' Commons in 1839, and was called to the Bar in the following year. He represented Hastings in the House of Commons, 1835-37, and Lewes, 1841-47. He married, Sept. 30, 1829, Elizabeth Julia, daughter of Mr. E. J. Curteis, of Windmill Hill, Sussex. She died Jan. 14, 1891. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1846. The new baronet, Sir Howard Warburton Elphinstone, was born July 26, 1830, and married, Aug. 4, 1860, Constance Mary Alexander, third daughter of Mr. J. A. Hankey, of Balcombe Place, Sussex.

SIR GEORGE PREVOST, BART.

The venerable Sir George Prevost, of Belmont, in the county of Hants, second baronet, died on March 18. He was born Aug. 20, 1804, and married, March 18, 1828, Jane, only daughter of Mr. Isaac Lloyd Williams, of Lincoln's Inn and of Cwneyntefelin, Cardiganshire. She died Jan. 17, 1853. The deceased baronet held the living of Stinchcombe, Dursley, for fifty-nine years. He was Archdeacon of Gloucester from 1865 to 1881, and until his death Hon. Canon of Gloucester. His friendship with, and support of, the late Dr. Pusey were distinguishing points in his career. He is succeeded by his second son, Charles, who was born Dec. 15, 1831, who married, Jan. 22, 1856, Sarah Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Keble, Vicar of Bisley, Gloucestershire.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Countess Sydney, widow of Earl Sydney, on March 9, aged eighty-three.

Lady Forester, widow of George Cecil Weld, third Baron Forester, on March 7, aged eighty.

Count Sepulveda, a well-known veteran official in the Royal Household of Spain, on March 18, aged eighty-four.

Major-General F. S. Vacher, on March 17, aged sixty-three.

Mr. G. A. Baird, known in the sporting world as "Mr. Abington," on March 18, aged thirty-one.

General John H. Gascoigne, C.B., late Royal Marines, on March 16, aged eighty-two. He served in the Baltic in

1854, and also in the China War of 1860, taking a distinguished part in the capture of the Taku forts. He was placed on the retired list in 1877.

Mr. F. C. Fishbourne, a member of the staff of the *Daily News* for twenty-three years.

Major Douglas Campbell, of New York, recently, aged fifty-four. He was the author of "The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," and was a member of the American Bar.

Mrs. Bashford, wife of Mr. John L. Bashford, on March 22, at Berlin, where her husband has represented the *Daily Telegraph* for several years. Mrs. Bashford was a daughter of the late Oberst von Kameke, who died during the Prusso-Danish War in 1864. On her father's side she belonged to one of the oldest families of the Pomeranian nobility: her mother was descended from an old English family of the name of Frome (transformed to From in Prussia) that emigrated to escape the religious persecutions of Queen Mary's reign.

The Inkerman Barracks, Woking, which was formerly known as Woking Prison, has just had a new clock fitted in the tower by the War Office, the order for making it and fixing it being entrusted to J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, London. The clock shows time on four dials, 6 ft. 9 in. in diameter, and strikes the hours on a bell of 6 cwt., which should prove a boon to the neighbourhood.

The Anglo-Russian Literary Society, of which Mr. E. A. Cazalet is the first president, was established at the beginning of this year, in a room the use of which is granted by the council of the Imperial Institute at Kensington. Its objects are to promote the study of the Russian language and literature, and mutual good understanding between the English and Russian nations, with an entire exclusion of politics. There is to be a library of Russian books, with Russian periodicals and journals; essays are to be contributed, written either in English or in Russian, and debates are to be held in both languages. The list of members, including ladies, numbers already nearly one hundred; and there are corresponding members in Russia and other countries. At the opening meeting, on Jan. 3, Dr. John Pollen, of the Indian Civil Service, read an interesting paper on Russian literature, touching on the merits of such authors as Pushkin and Gogol, the poets, Lermontof and others, Turgenev, Leo Tolstoi, and Dostoyevski, romance-writers, and some less known to fame out of Russia. On Tuesday, March 7, Major-General F. H. Tyrrell, of the Madras Army, read a paper on the contributions of the Russians to the study of Oriental learning. The Director-General of Military Education has given his approval to army students for the Staff or appointments as interpreters joining the society.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY.

The Prince of Wales, who on the previous day had visited the Record Office and lunched with the Master of the Rolls, was the guest of the Incorporated Law Society on Tuesday evening, March 21. A distinguished company had been invited to meet his Royal Highness in the great hall of the society in Chancery Lane. Mr. R. Pennington, who holds the proud position of president, was in the chair. Near to the Prince was the Duke of Abercorn, K.G., who shares with the Earl of Verulam the honour of holding distinct peerages in the three kingdoms; the genial Master of the Rolls was an acquisition, as usual, to the humour of the evening; Lord Macnaghten, Lord Justice Lindley, Sir Francis Jeune, and Sir Henry Hawkins also represented the Judicial Bench. The House of Commons spared Mr. John Morley, who has lately become quite a confirmed "diner-out," Mr. H. Fowler, who did not look very wearied after his efforts *re* Parish Councils, Sir Joseph Savory, Sir Charles Hall, Mr. J. W. Lowther, and Sir A. K. Rollit. Sir John Rigby, Sir Arthur Watson, Mr. F. O. Crump, and Mr. W. W. Karslake were a few of the Queen's Counsel present. The redoubtable Mr. George Lewis was one of the many representatives of the solicitors' benches.

We are requested to explain, with reference to the scheme propounded by her Royal Highness Princess Christian, on behalf of the Nurses' Association, in a circular, to the local sanitary authorities of the country, that it is not intended to go beyond offering the services of trained nurses to be employed by those official bodies in case of cholera, their remuneration and incidental expenses being chargeable to the ratepayers, as recommended last August by the Medical Department of the Local Government Board. The conditions suggested in the circular are those approved by the Council of the Society of Medical Officers of Health. This scheme of providing nurses for cholera patients is applicable only to those, mostly the very poor, who would come under treatment in public hospitals. It is quite a misapprehension to suppose that any interference has been contemplated with the private treatment of cholera patients belonging to the lower middle classes.

The students of Trinity College, London, gave a concert and conversazione on March 21 at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. The music, it must be owned, was not very extraordinary, except as regards the brilliant pianoforte playing of Mr. Albert Ketelbey (Queen Victoria Scholar), who rendered Chopin's "Scherzo in B minor" most beautifully. A violin romance by this young composer was likewise excellent, Mr. C. F. Fenigstein rendering it in capital style. Miss Bertha Acworth displayed a good voice in two songs by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and some good part singing was conducted by Professor Bradbury Turner.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Durand Baker, K.C.B., Quartermaster-General, late of 17A, South Audley Street, who died on Feb. 9, at Pau, without having been married, and intestate, were granted on March 8 to the Rev. Henry Fowler Baker, the brother and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3283.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Hermann Ludwig Eckstein, late of Johannesburg, South Africa, who died on Jan. 16, at 175, Silberburg Strasse, Stuttgart, intestate, were granted on March 10 to Mrs. Minnie Dinia Eckstein, the widow and relict, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £146,000.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1893) of Mr. Robert Lake Cobb, late of Mockbeggar, Ilgham, Kent, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on March 11 by Herbert Mansfield Cobb, the son, and Warwick Stunt, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, and household stores, wines and liquors to the value of £100, horses and carriages, £500, and an annuity of £1000, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Cobb; and £100 to his executor and son-in-law, Mr. Stunt. He gives annuities to each of his daughters during the life of his wife, and makes provision for them at her death. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1888) of Mr. George Cockburn, late of Lingdale Lodge, Oxton, Birkenhead, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 4 by Mrs. Katherine Jessie Cockburn, the widow, the Rev. John Scott Cockburn, the son, and the Misses Ada and Mary Cockburn, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator gives £250 and all his pictures, plate, books, household goods and furniture and horses and carriages to his wife; all his real estate to his son, John Scott; and £100 to his step-daughter, Katie Craig. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife and his children, John Scott, Ada, Mary, and George Bertram, in equal shares, but his son, John Scott, is

to bring into hotchpot certain shares in the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company set aside for him.

The will (dated July 24, 1891) of Miss Elizabeth Mary Davy, late of Beechcroft, Englefield Green, Surrey, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on March 3 by Mrs. Caroline Seaborne Richardson, the sister, and Charles Garner Richardson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testatrix gives £100 to the Holy Cross Home, Hayward's Heath; £50 each to the Agricultural Benevolent Institution, the National Benevolent Institution, the Home for Lost Dogs, Battersea, the Railway Benevolent Institution, and the London Homoeopathic Hospital; £25 each to the Home of Rest for Horses, and Egham Cottage Hospital, Englefield Green; £5000, and all her plate, jewellery, and lace to her sister, Mrs. Richardson; her residence, Beechcroft, with the remainder of her furniture and effects, to her nephew, Charles Garner Richardson; £5000, upon trust, for her cousin Joanna Pole, for life, and then for her daughter, Ethel Agneta Pole; and legacies to other of her relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said sister and nephew in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1891) of Mr. Robert Brodie, late of 102, Pembroke Road, Clifton, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on March 1 by Walter Brodie, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 each to his sister, Elizabeth Brodie, and his nephews, Walter Brodie and John Brodie Henderson. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one-fourth to his brother David, and one fourth to the next of kin of each of his brothers, Samuel, Walter, and John.


The will (dated Aug. 9, 1880), with a codicil (dated Jan. 15, 1887), of Mrs. Mary Fernandes, late of Sandal, Hesketh Park, Southport, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 20, was proved on March 3 by John Eccles, John Thornton, and Albert Luis de Fava-Fernandes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testatrix leaves all her estate and interest in

the business of a brewer, carried on by her at Burnley, with the buildings where the same is carried on, and all the plant, stock-in-trade, and book debts, and £5000 charged on the property included in her marriage settlement, to her husband, Guy David Luis Fernandes; and the remainder of the property under her marriage settlement, upon trust, for her husband, for life, then for her sister, Jane Bracewell, for life, then for her nephews and nieces, the children of her said sister, in equal shares. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her husband.

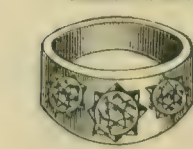
The will (dated Aug. 9, 1876), with a codicil (dated March 5, 1890), of Mr. Robert Boothby Heathcote, J.P., late of Friday Hill, Chingford, Essex, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on March 8 by Mrs. Jane Vere Heathcote, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his jewellery, wines, horses and carriages, to his wife; his furniture, plate, and pictures to his wife, for life or widowhood, or until a son attains twenty-one, and then to go with his real estate; £1000 to his brother William Edward; and £50 to his brother Frederick Granville. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or until she marries again, then for his children, and, in default of children, for his sister Catherine Sophia, for life, and then to his brother William Edward. His real estate he charges with the payment of £1800 per annum to his wife until a son of his shall attain twenty-one, and then with £500 per annum to her, and, subject thereto, for his said son. If he has no such son the whole of the income is to be paid to his wife for life or until she shall marry again, she making certain annual payments to his daughters, and, subject thereto, for his daughters. In default of daughters the real estate is then to go to his said brother William Edward.

The will (dated March 16, 1889), with a codicil (dated July 26, 1892), of Mr. Edward Chatting, late of 34, Tudor Road, South Hackney, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 1 by George Chatting, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the


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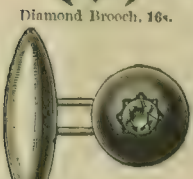
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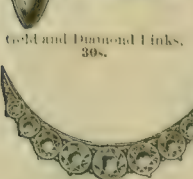
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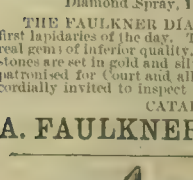
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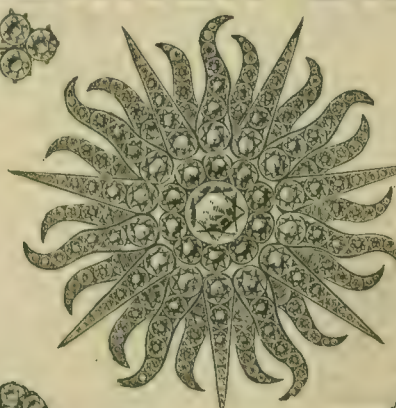
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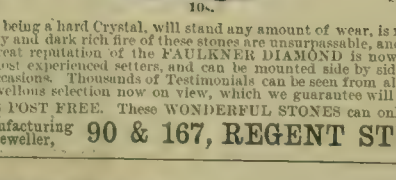
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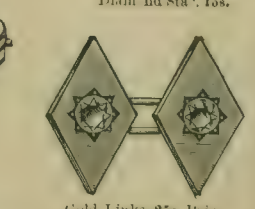
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"18, Grove Vale, East Dulwich, July 14, 1891.

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"Yours faithfully,
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"DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a photo of our baby girl, Dorothy Gentle, she having been fed on your Food for the last twelve months. Being obliged to resort to the feeding-bottle, I was recommended your Food by a friend of mine. The photo was taken when she was six months old, and I think you will see by the condition of the child it will speak well for its excellency. I have always persuaded my friends to use it, as I am sure it cannot be too highly recommended for infants.

"Yours faithfully,
"To G. Mellin, Esq." "AUGUSTUS GENTLE."

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MELLIN'S LACTO-GLYCOSE OR MILK FOOD,

Simply dissolved in warm water is recommended
for use when fresh cow's milk disagrees or cannot
be obtained.

Price 2s. and 3s. per Bottle.



"18, Milroy Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.
"Aug. 21, 1891.

"DEAR SIR,—I have sent you a photo of my baby boy, who has been brought up from birth on your Food only.
"When the enclosed photo was taken he was seven months and two weeks old.

"Yours sincerely,
"S. SIMS."



"Wilfred Rectory, near Nottingham, Dec. 7, 1891.

"DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending you a photo of my twin babies, aged one year and one day on the day they were photographed, to prove what MELLIN'S FOOD will do for delicate infants. The finer and bigger of the two was brought up entirely on your Food from six weeks old, when it was so ill as to be given up by the doctor, but from the moment it began MELLIN'S FOOD the improvement was marvellous. The smaller twin was nursed by her mother, and yet the one fed on MELLIN'S FOOD grew to be the finer child of the two.

"Ever since I knew and proved your Food I have advised and persuaded everyone I could to give your Food a trial. The twins are girls, and were photographed last November, on the 13th.

"I remain, yours faithfully,
"A. CLOUGH."



"Beehive House, Coedporth, Wrexham.
"Dec. 26, 1891.

"G. Mellin, Esq.
"DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in enclosing our baby's photo. She is nine months old, fed entirely on MELLIN'S FOOD, and never had a day's illness in her life, which speaks volumes for your Food. Have recommended it to several of our friends, who speak of it as 'Excellent.'
"You are at liberty to make use of this letter and photo. Kindly acknowledge receipt, and oblige,
"Yours very truly,
"GEO. PATTINSON."



"Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex,
"Nov. 25, 1891.

"Sir,—The enclosed photo of my little boy, Percy H. Porter, was taken at twelve months of age. He was brought up entirely upon your Food from the age of six weeks. At fourteen months he weighs twenty-six pounds.

"Yours truly,
"C. A. PORTER."

MELLIN'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

The Finest Nutritive and Tonic Food for Delicate Children and
Weakly Adults.

VERY PALATABLE. EASILY DIGESTED. PERFECTLY SAFE.

Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.



"29, Loughborough Park, Brixton, S.W.
"Feb. 8, 1892.

"DEAR SIR,—Have great pleasure in enclosing you herewith a photo of our baby, Harry Frank, taken on the day he was a year old. After birth several kinds of Food were tried, and failed, until at last yours was given him, and from that time he has had no other, with the happy result that he is now a strong, healthy child, thus testifying to the already long list of good results from use of your Food. —Yours truly,
"HY. GRIFFIN."

The above testimonials are only a selection from many thousands received from grateful mothers.

G. MELLIN, MARLBORO' WORKS, PECKHAM. S.E.

City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park; the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children (for training-ships) Great Queen Street; and the Royal Normal College of Music for the Blind, Norwood; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property he gives to his said brother.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1887) of Mr. John Bagshaw Taylor, J.P., formerly of Radcliffe-on-Trent, Notts, and late of Scarborough, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on Feb. 17 at the York District Registry by William Watson, John Burgess, and Arthur Tom Metcalfe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator leaves such sum as will produce £105 per annum, upon trust, for his son John Montague Wood Taylor, for life, and then for his children; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his son William Henry Wood Taylor.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1877), with a codicil (dated Nov. 22, 1878), of Mr. John Crosland Milner, J.P., late of Thurlstone, Penistone, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 25,

was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 27 by the Rev. Gamaliel Milner, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testator gives his plate and plated articles to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Graham Milner, for life, then to his said son; £500 and his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and his residence, Thurlstone, and £800 per annum (to be reduced to £400 in the event of her marrying again) charged on his real estate, to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue as he shall appoint.

The Guinness Trustees, of whom Lord Rowton is chief, report that the buildings for workmen's dwellings in Marlborough Road, Chelsea, and in Columbia Road, Bethnal Green, were completed during last year; the former, and those in Lever Street, Clerkenwell, are fully occupied, and the Columbia Road buildings are in course of occupation. Over two thousand persons were living in the trustees' buildings at the end of the year. Club-rooms, supplied

with books, papers, and games, were provided for them. By the Goldsmiths' Company's gift of £25,000 additional land has been obtained for an extension in Lever Street, where the total number of tenements will be 336. The trustees have also purchased a site in Vauxhall Square, and one near the Bricklayers' Arms, Bermondsey. In Dublin the Thomas Court Buildings have been completed and occupied.

An examination, before the Registrar in Bankruptcy, of the affairs of the Dee Oil Company (Limited), which was formed in 1888 to purchase, for £115,000, a business then stated to have made an annual profit of £17,000 during ten years previous, showed it to have been an utter failure. The vendor got his price in cash, shares, and debentures, but in the first year the profit was only £125, and in the second year there was a loss of £13,206; the whole working capital disappeared within two years. The assets, valued at £51,582, are now entirely absorbed by the claims of debenture-holders, and there is a deficiency of £103,768 as regards contributories, with £58,582 owing to creditors of the company. The chairman, Sir John Stokes, had taken no shares, and knew nothing of the financial situation.

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PATENT
For Remedying Prominent Ears,
Preventing Disfigurement in
after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy.

In all sizes,
Send measure round head just
above ears. Price 3s. 6d.

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The world-renowned hair
tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

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Sold by all First-class Perfumers.

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For over a quarter of a century it
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Hair, in youth
or age.

It
arrests
Falling,
causes Luxu-
riant Growth, is
permanent, &
perfectly
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Cases,
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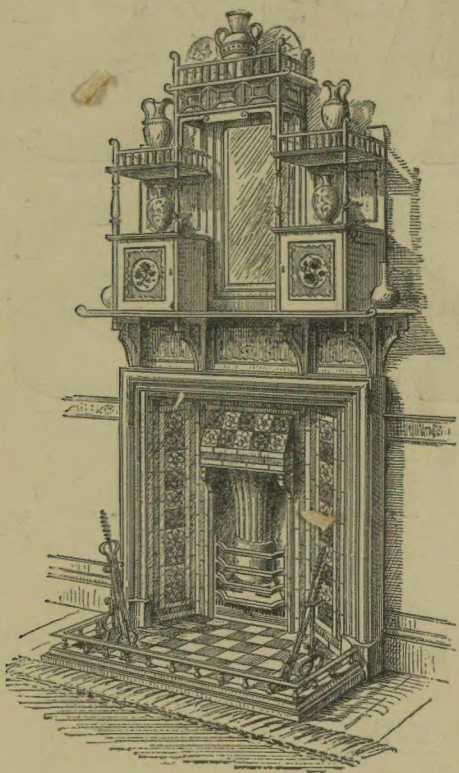
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1891.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1891: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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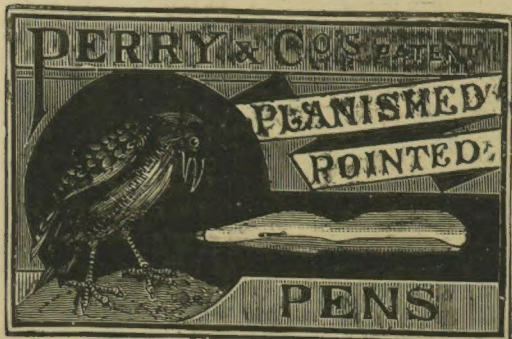


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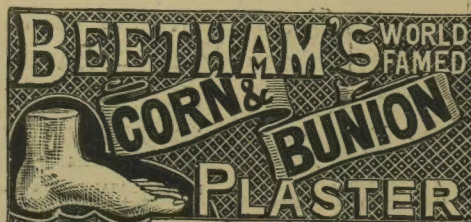
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